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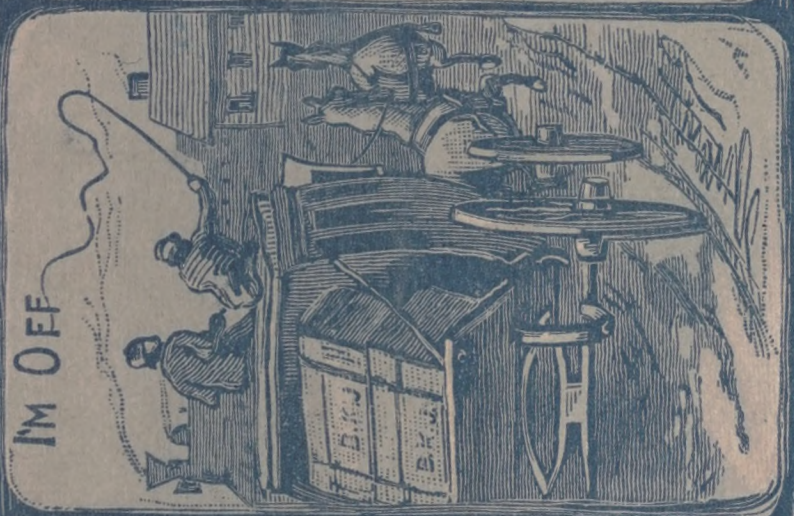




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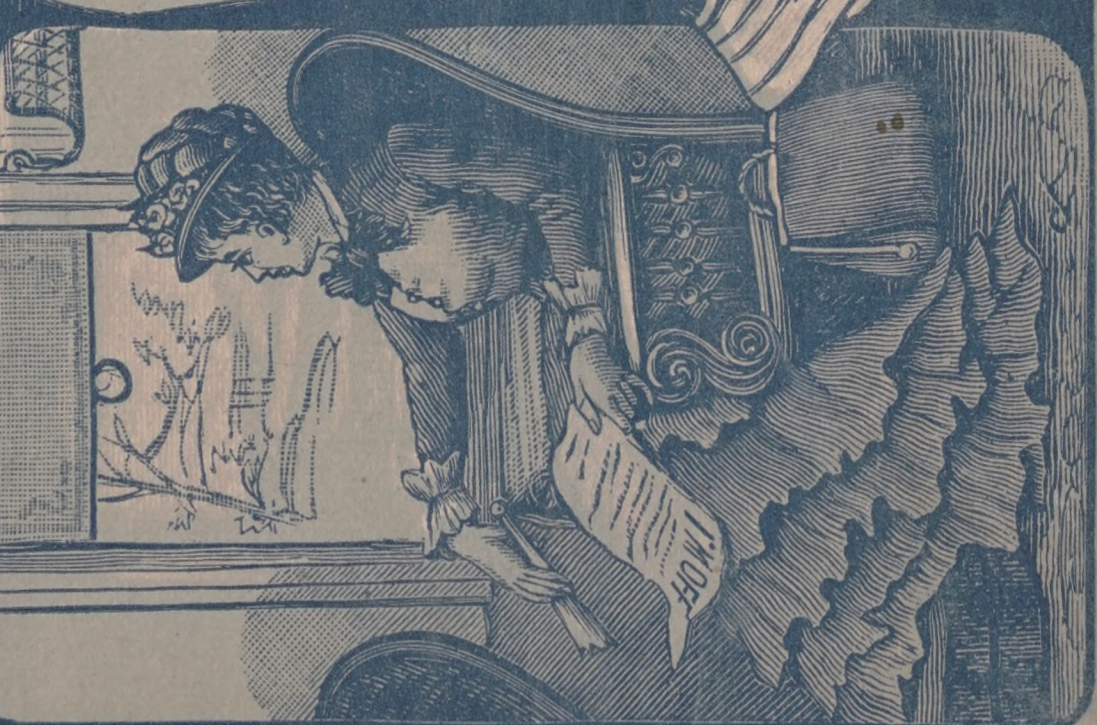
I'M OFF



I'M OFF



I'M OFF



I'M OFF

I'm Off!

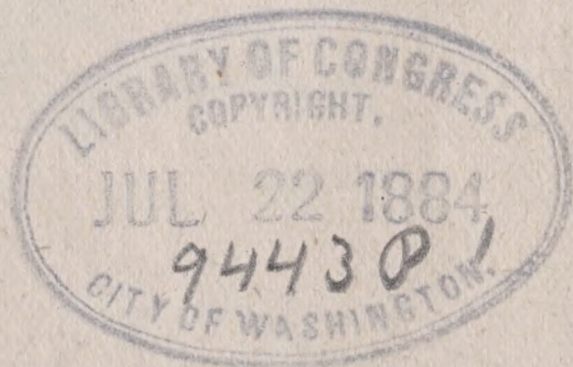
SENSE AND NONSENSE

FOR

Summer Reading.

1884.

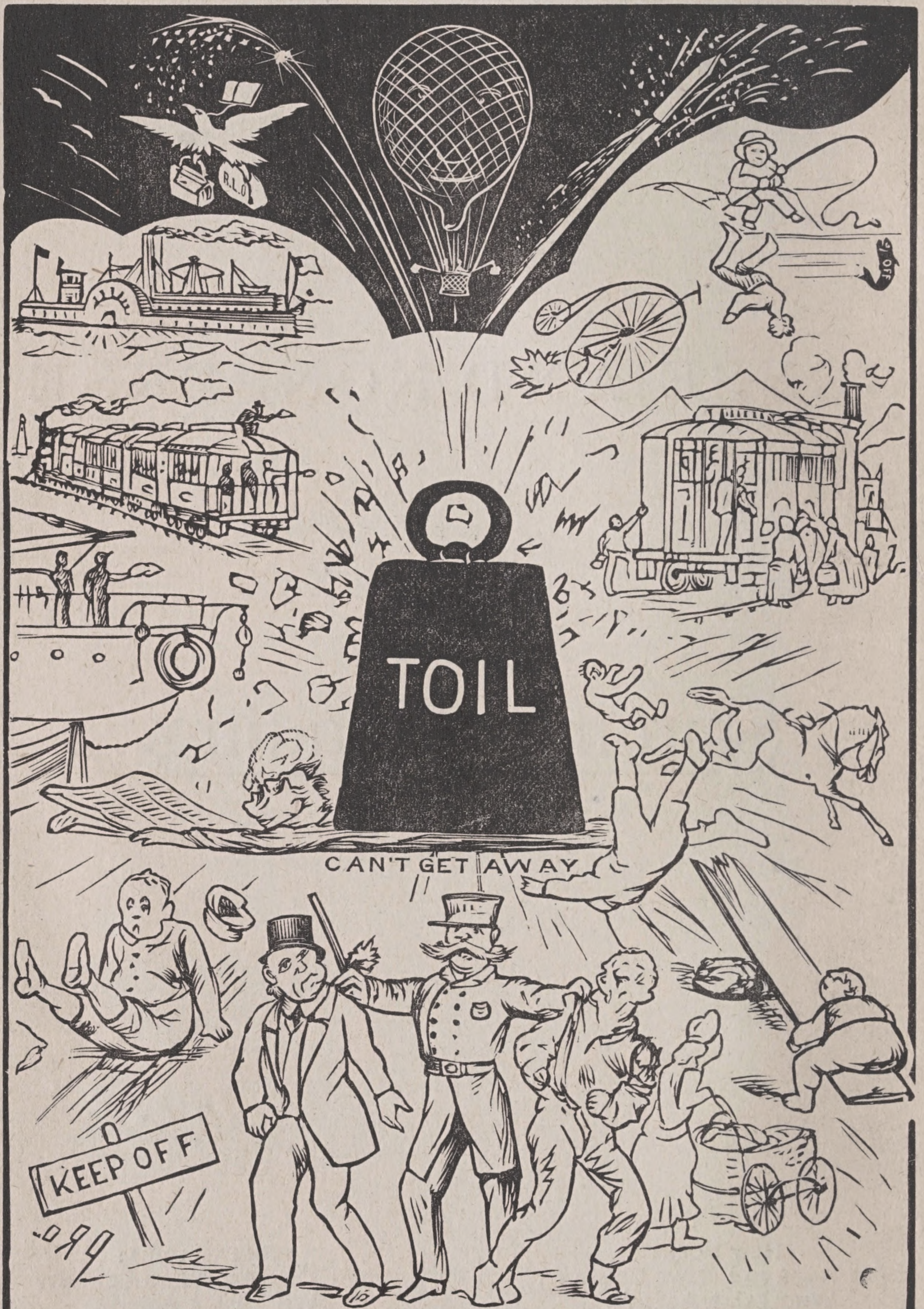
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INTRODUCTION.

"I'M OFF" was written for fun and money, and is dedicated to all who are or can get "off." We want every reader to buy his or her own copy. Do not lean over the backs of other people, or turn sideways in your seat, making believe your thoughts are wandering, when it is plain truth you are stealing twenty-five cents worth of fun.

In buying "I'M OFF" you will receive two gum bands (which alone are worth fifty cents, if you need them), for mailing to those who can't get "off."

"I'M OFF" will be very digestible salad for the solitary, and can be used with impunity in hospitals, asylums, prisons, almshouses, and as a reference book after listening to a 48 pp. sermon.

THE AUTHOR.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
A Good Point(er) on a Corner in Wheat.....	72
A Happy Family—Cat and Dog Life	82
An Object Lesson.....	88
Colts and How to Raise Them.....	77
Crossing Ferry—Morning—Evening	89
Difference between High, Low and Broad Churchmen.....	74
Elder Sassafras's "Sarmon".....	73
Emph-e-eem.....	61
Freddy Sweetbread.....	33
Gaining Information.....	52
Glass Eye with a Girl Combination.....	37
Home Recipes.....	71
How he Construed it.	86
I'm Off.....	7
International Baby Show.....	47
Jim Frisby's Vision.....	91
Jones and his Master-Key.....	75
Likeness of a "Conservative" during and after the Panic.....	78
Maniacal Musings.....	38
Mary Had a Little Lamb.....	64
Meets of Various Kind.....	94
Menu of Our Restaurant	68
No Stops Made on this Road.....	90
"Oh! You Perfidious Wretch," &c	72
Put up Job by Two Bunco Dogs.. ..	25
Remarkable Days in July.....	30
Scene in Wall Street.....	29

	PAGE.
Seaside Talk.....	93
Shirts and Collars.....	17
Silver Leaf Club.....	85
Sketch of El Mad-hi.....	79
Street Car Episode.....	87
Testimonials.....	44, 65, 95
The Absent-minded Old Bachelor.....	60
The Bell Ringers.....	39
The Irishman's Hog.....	92
The Ubiquitous Fly.....	53
The Very Wicked Man.....	81
Time to be Off.....	63
Wall Street.....	83
Walton P. Webb and Sons...	59



"Where are you off to this summer?" I asked my wife, last evening, as we were doing our courting over again under the old peach tree, in the yard.



"I'm not off this summer. I have had enough of it."

"What, no sea-shore, mountain, country?"

"Not unless you go with me, *and* stay with me."

"But I always go with you, and stay until the next train leaves. Business, my dear, compels me."

"Business be hanged; who has any, or can get any business, when the thermometer is up to 100°? Bah! you want to get out 'minding the children, and run off to some fishing place, with others just like you—wife foolers, I call them—and we, silly things, have to lie to other women just as they lie to us, trying to make one another believe how hard our husbands work for the comfort of ourselves and children! B-a-h; I go with *you*, stay with *you*, and come home with *you*!"

"All right; but don't let us quarrel about it. I will go with *you*, stay with *you*, and come home with *YOU*!"

"That's a sensible conclusion, and—" (just then the servant announced tea).

The next evening we were seated again in our favorite spot, and the conversation of the evening before was naturally resumed.



"Well, what is it? Country, sea-shore or mountain?"

"Sea-shore!" struck up the oldest (a young lady); "no fun in the country; I would rather stay at home."

"O! let's go to the country," said the next (a boy). "Get lots of fun out of it. We can set fire to the hay and wheat stacks, and at night pull up all the corn in

the field and turn the hogs into the garden while the old farmer's asleep; then he will have nothing to do but take us a-fishing."

"*Now I read ye*," said the third from the head, also a boy. "Yes! and we can break up all the old setting hens, and have wagon loads of fun in firing the eggs at swallow's nests. Jim Barrett says, when he was in the country last summer, he broke up an old goose that had been setting for two months, and fired the eggs at the bull; *goriffith giffits*, one of the eggs struck the bull square on the forehead, and went off like a cannon! Jim says he thought the bull had busted. And,—"

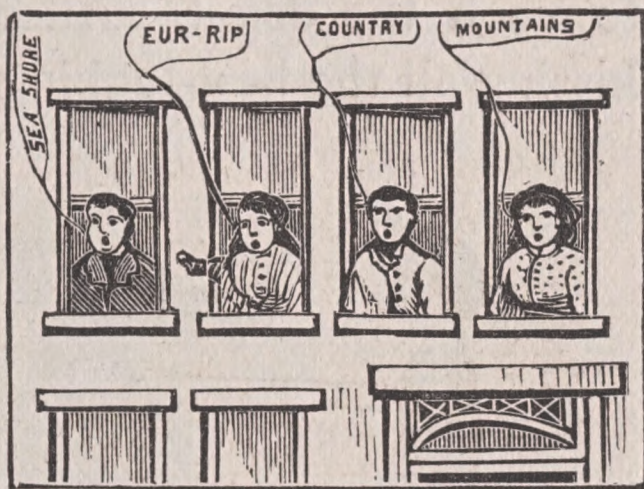
But my wife cut the fourth hopeful off by saying:

"If you were any kind of a man, you would reprove your children for 'putting in' when you and me are talking; and such slang! '*Now I read ye!*' where in the world do they get it from? And—," jingle-lingle, went the tea bell.

Under the old peach tree once more, tea over, and the children in bed—

“Now where shall we go? it's time to be getting ready; the weather is warm, and a great many *respectable* people are already away.”

Before I had time to reply, I heard from as many windows, “Country!” “Sea-shore!” “Mountains!” “Eur-rip!” this last from the fourth hopeful, who had been cut off suddenly the evening before.



“If you don't go to sleep and behave yourselves, not one of you will get to go anywhere!” I replied, very angrily, but the unanimous response was, “We'll see! We'll see!”

My wife returned their impudence by throwing her shoe



through the window, which knocked a picture down, which fell on the French mantel clock, which in turn fell on the bureau, smashing themselves in such confusion that the clock could

not tell whether it was bureau or picture ; but there was no more noise that night, and *we* decided to go to the sea-shore.

Everything was in commotion and confusion for the next few days in getting ready for the trip. Finally the day arrived, and the hour set for starting. I told my wife to have an early plain dinner, so that we would have plenty of time to reach the depot. After arranging business at the store, kissing all the best-looking girls, and warning the office boy



to be on hand at 7 o'clock every morning, I went to the livery, hired a carriage, and went home. I had hardly got to the door when I was greeted with such noises as, "Your father ought to have taken you to the store with him, instead of leaving you home to annoy me ! I can't get ready in time ; go out of this room, will you !" "Mamma, shall I wear my light sack or duster?" "I don't care what you wear. I am not going." "Oh, yes, you will go ; you are only saying that to worry papa !" "If your father don't cowhide you for your impudence, I won't go one step ; there !"

"Amanda, stop flying through these rooms ; I am nearly

distracted. Flora, come here this minute; don't you see it's getting late; there's your father standing on the step. I will call him to you." These were the preparatory musical notes for having a good time. Dinner was announced, and I called up-stairs to one and all to hurry, as we had just one hour to make the train. But the same or similar noises that I heard when I first reached the house, drowned my voice, "Give me my shoes." "You can't have them, they are in the trunk; wear your old ones." "Hush up." "You SHALL not wash in my room." "The bath-room is good enough for anybody!"

"Are you going to-day, or are you getting ready for to-morrow; that's what I want to know?" But no response came from the revelers.

"Well, I'll eat my dinner, and you can do what you please," I said. Presently they came down stairs, one by one, each minus some garment, my wife bringing up the rear, wearing my long linen duster, buttoned down to her feet.



"You are ready, anyhow, with the exception of your bonnet!" were the words with which I greeted my wife.

"No, sir, I haven't commenced yet; if you had taken *that* boy with you to the store this morning, I WOULD have been ready?"

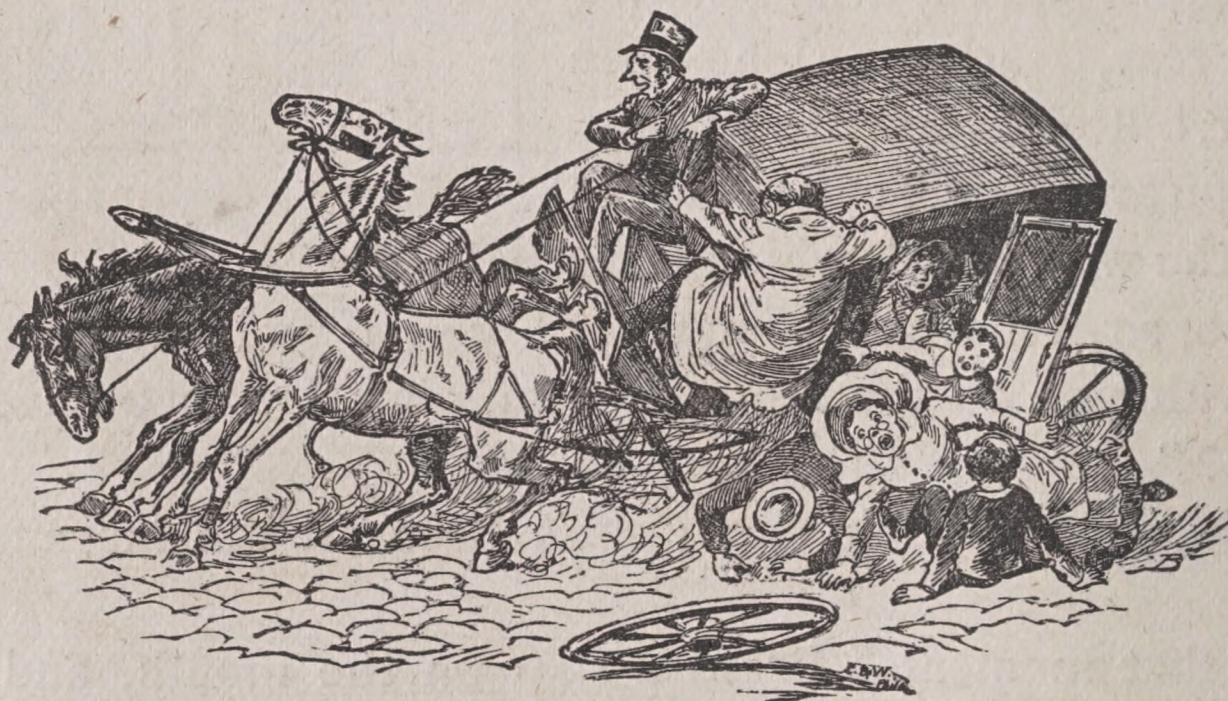
"No, she wouldn't, papa; she's been all the morning fixing."

At that moment I heard a slap on the mouth, and then, "Shout, the glad tidings," was keeping time to the music of the big organ in Mozart's 12 $\frac{7}{8}$ th Mass.

The noise was stopped by the coachman announcing that we had but half an hour to make the train. Dinner was left



unfinished, and each one rushed to put on the remainder of their clothes, while I gave the cook instructions what stores to run in debt with during our absence. Trunks were put



aboard the baggage-wagon, the driver being instructed to keep close behind us, so that our friends could see our big piles of

luggage. I hurried the family into the carriage, each one carrying some garment they had not time to put on, and with a good-by to the girl, we were off to the train. We had not gone far, however, when a terrible mishap occurred, but fortunately without injury to any one but myself. The front wheel went "off," and "we all went 'off'—into the street."

"I knew something would happen," said my wife, as she picked herself up. "All that boy's fault; I'm going home."

"Never mind," I said; "things are not so bad as they seem. We are not far from the depot, and we may yet make the train."

So, hurriedly getting everything together, we walked, or rather ran, to the depot, when to my disgust I found we were an hour and a half too early. *That* boy had got up in the night and set all the clocks and my watch ninety minutes fast, in order, as he said, to hurry his mother, who was always



behind time. My wife did not laugh at this remark, and

suggested that I had better take Willie with me to get the tickets, which I did. On passing the news-stand, my son stopped to look at the holiday literature, when suddenly he shouted out, "Come, here quick; here's a book called 'I'm Off,' and it's all about you and mother, and the rest of us. Buy it, won't you?"

"Wait until we get on the train; we will buy it from a newsboy."

After purchasing the tickets, we had dinner over again



(or rather we had dinner this time), and got aboard the train. Presently we were whirling out of the depot, when along came the newsboy, shouting, "Here is your new Summer Book, 'I'm Off.' It's just the book you want; only twenty-five cents, and all ready for mailing."

"Give me six copies," I said.

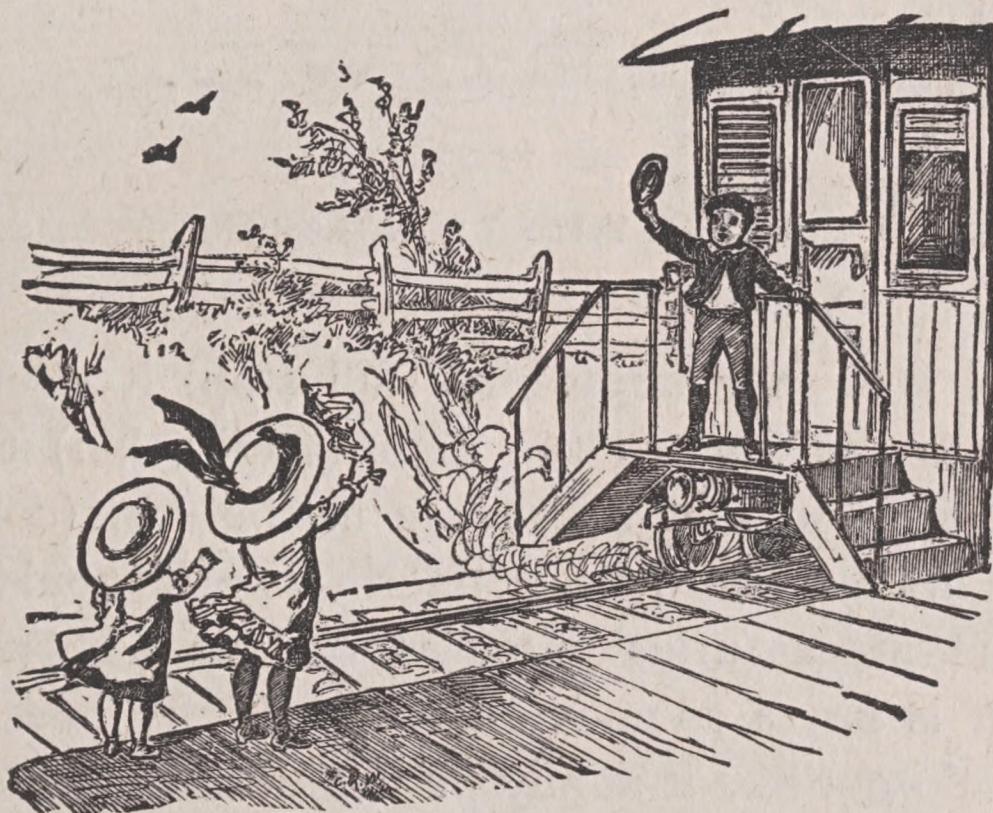
"There you go into your extravagance. Ain't one book

enough? Don't be so foolish; you will have everybody looking at you in the car."

"Don't mind her, papa; buy us each a copy, and we won't bother you again until the boy comes round with bananas and oranges."

"Yes, that's right; let them have their own way, just for the sake of half an hour's peace. Why don't you give them half a dollar besides, as a premium?"

And I paid no attention to what my wife said, but bought



six "I'm Offs," which had a happy effect on the children—especially the youngest—who remarked that he would get even with his mother, for making him wear his old shoes, by reading aloud anything in the book that was about her. Happy idea it was in my buying a copy for each one, and economical also! They had become so interested in the book that one and all had failed to respond to the invitation to buy oranges and bananas, prize candy, views of large cities, and other innumerable things with which the newsboy "worked"

the car. "I'M OFF" had saved me money, and I did not fail to inform my wife of the fact, to which she nodded assent, and I fell into a doze, so satisfied was I with myself, and was only aroused by "Checks for baggage!" "Transfer Coaches for all the hotels!"

And I went with my wife, stayed with my wife, and came home with my wife.

THE OWL.

FOR YOUNG SCHOLARS.

The owl is a very large bird (full stop) it sleeps all day and hunts for its food in the night (semi-colon) it has large eyes like a cat so that it can see in the dark (colon) if you could see his eyes through a microscope it would look like one of the Mosasaurus pictures on the Chataqua chart (comma) it is not a companionable bird it is lonesome (comma) and I do not like it at any price and have no use for it at all (comma) nor the hoots it brings along with it (semi-colon) I AM always better satisfied when it flies OFF (period)

THEODORE W. MCINSTRY.

"MR. SMITH," said an impecunious borrower, "suppose you had \$10 in your pocket, and I was to ask you for \$5, how much would you have left?"

"Ten dollars," was Smith's calm reply.

SHIRTS AND COLLARS!

Have you ever had any trouble with your linen, dear reader? I say dear reader, after the style of religious writers, for who knows but that many otherwise pious men have been made to exclaim, "Darn the shirt and collar!"

If ever man was afflicted with shirts and collars, so that he would forget his own identity, and have to call on his mother-in-law to tell him his wife's maiden name, I am he; *yes*, I am HE. Let me give you a few of my many experiences:

I was once stopping at a hotel in Richmond. Having arrived late on Saturday night, and being very tired, I slept in my only shirt. I might here say that I had a half-dozen different sizes of collars with me, not knowing whether my neck would contract or expand in that warm climate.

After a LIVELY night's rest (I was *amused* most of the time with some kind of a bird that insisted on calling me cousin) I arose and prepared for breakfast. Looking into the mirror before me, what a sight! I had forgotten to remove the tobacco from my mouth on retiring,



consequently the bosom of my shirt presented a forlorn appearance. I immediately rang the bell for the servant; one appeared shortly. First asking him his name (he called himself the *late* Judge Frizby), I said:

"Can you buy me a shirt?"

"Oh, yes, Boss, get you a nice one for five dollars."

Handing him the money, and telling him to hurry up, I waited patiently for his return. He arrived shortly and said:

"Boss, dis am de nicest shirt out, *sure*. No trouble to put it on over de head; buttons all down de side."

Putting it on, the *Late* Judge asked me if it was large enough.

"Well, I should think it was, most; I didn't ask you to buy me a whole suit. Take this back and get me another."

He returned in a few minutes saying the store was closed and the boss had gone to church. I put the shirt on again, determined to do the best I could under the circumstances.

Just at this moment, I noticed a stir among my collars; and a suppressed laugh of the ex-judge, whom I kept in torture for a half-hour, breaking all his finger-nails in trying to fasten the back button. Having accomplished this, I told him to fasten the front. Now, if you have never heard a colored judge deliver an opinion, you ought to have been present.

"Boss, this shirt am a cutaway, and the collars are six inches too short, *sure*."

My patience becoming exhausted, I ordered him to sew two of the collars together, and bring my breakfast to my room, determined not to be made fun of by the other guests.

On my return home I sent the shirt to a charitable institution, the matron of which, in acknowledging the donation, said she made one dozen nice sheets and a linen table-cloth

out of it. She thanked me kindly on behalf of the Board of Directors, and of the little children of the institution.

Being one of the proprietors of the *Merchants' Take-In* (the *only* paper devoted to commercial interests in the United States), I received as part of my dividend an order on a Gents' Furnishing store, and with this I hastened to get measured for one half-dozen shirts of the latest style.

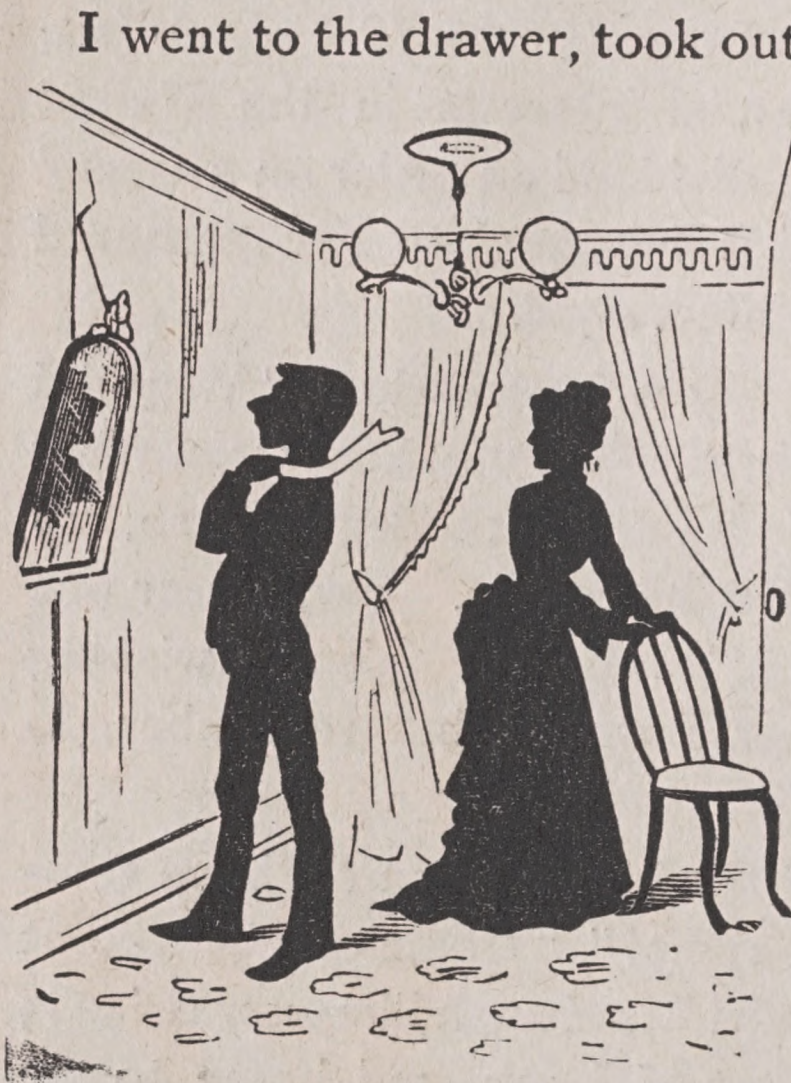
When the shirts came home, my wife remarked, "Why did you get shirts with collars on them, when you know you must have a clean collar each day?" "I did not order them so, my dear; but guess this must be the new style. I will wear one to-day, and see how I like them." My wife (always wishing me to look nice), said, "My dear, I would, but remember, do not spit on your bosom."

I had not proceeded far from the house when the boys commenced to yell, "Look at that sport!" "Come off!" "Shoot the Dude!" "Git on to his outfit!" and such like expressions; and not wishing to be made sport of, I returned home to see what was the matter with the shirt. On examination my wife found that the man who made the shirt had drawn too much muslin up in the neck, to the detriment of the lower end. Without getting angry, however, I took off the shirt and put on an old one—sending the fashionable ones back to be altered to the old style.

In a few days they were returned to me, cut bias in the back, and gored. "Now," said I to my wife, "I think they are all right," putting one on that fitted splendidly.

But, alas! my trouble ended not here, as I had forgotten to order collars with the shirts—not knowing that every collar ought to fit a shirt, and every shirt fit a collar. Nevertheless,

I thought myself equal to the emergency, having collars of all sizes on hand.



one of them would fit. I first tried the "Captain"—my old favorite, but it was no use, for as fast as I would button it in front, it would come off behind. I next tried "Lord Byron," the old stand-by, but it would not fit; then I tried the "Grant," but it was frayed out on the edges, from long usage, and refused to be tacked on a new administration, and "off" it went. My patience becoming almost exhausted, I de-

termined to nail the next one fast, and had already secured the back, and was with my left hand fastening the front part, when my wife came to me and said, "Deary, won't you take me to the opera to-night?" when off went the collar.

"Now, my dear, don't bother me when I am putting on a collar. *You know it makes me mad!*"

"Well, I have never been to the opera in my life."

"Cyclones and hurricanes! don't bother me!"

My wife, seeing me getting angry, said, "Deary, perhaps I can fix it for you."

"Eh! will you go to bed, or do something?—*anything*, but don't annoy me."

My wife now began to get mad, too.

"Why don't you go to a decent place and get your shirts and collars? I didn't make them."

"Did I *say* you made them? I will go to another room where I can put my collar on in peace!"

I went at once, and after walking up and down the room for half an hour, twisting and screwing at my collar, and scarce knowing what I was about, I heedlessly walked out of the open door, and this was the result:

Some people may think this is a funny picture. I don't. After laying there for half an hour, I was asked by my wife if I had broken anything on my way down, and, almost in the same breath, the servant girl came in and told me that the black hen wanted to set. I immediately replied,

"Give her thirteen — collars!" (I would add, that the old hen is still setting without avail.)



All this time my wife was bathing my head and calling me kind and endearing names. Such as,

"Oh, you old simpleton! I hope you are satisfied now!" etc. (I *was* more than satisfied.)

After listening to all this, I started up stairs to get another collar, when, to my utter horror, some thirty or forty collars seemed to be dancing and wriggling about, putting themselves

into all manner of shapes, evidently rejoicing over my annoyance.

Talk about your "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"—if I had just at that moment been the happy possessor of "Jerry McSweeny's Bi-Centennial bull-dog," I would have set him on the collars, bureau and all, so exasperated was I.



After the collars got quieted down, I picked up one and said: "Perhaps you would like to go down town to-day." It making no particular objection, I dipped the band in water, so that my neck might not be worn through before night, and then I started down the street, feeling in about as good a humor as a man can after enduring so much torture, when, happening to think I had my cane instead

of my umbrella, and it was then raining hard, I turned back hurriedly, when I beheld—but no, I won't tell you, look for yourself.

Talk about corruption in high places; *woman* at the bottom of it; here was the "old fellow" himself and all his book-keepers, tormenting me beyond all human—yes, even spiritual endurance.

I returned home utterly demoralized, when my wife came to my rescue once more. Said she, "Come here, dear, I bet I will fix that collar so it will stay on; I will sew it fast."

I answered by running my hand down my back, and pulling

collar, shirt, and all off, and then said, "Take it, do what you please with it," and I fell back on the bed exhausted. Presently I fell asleep, when I dreamed of a new country.

There I saw about one hundred millions of collars, trying to fit themselves on to one man, each offering money for the privilege of being tried on first. I thought I saw a man, and he was lame, who had a very thin neck, and who was being tormented with a very large collar, which looked to be about eight hundred feet wide. I drew his picture on



the spot just as he emerged from one of those establishments, which, if taken at flood-tide, leads on to destruction. I looked again, and lo! the sign was changed, and in its stead I saw a figure and below were the words,

"IN MEMORIAM."

I asked the Spectre what he was looking at; said he, "Behold! young man, a supero-lateral view of a crushed cranium, and interior part of the body. My pectoral bone appears as a sagittiform plate with thin edges, and rounded, lateral angles. A thin, median prolongation, the greater part of the border of my collar is distinct and displays the continuity of the supra-temporal regions (I thought he said infernal).

"Its *ramus mandibuli* is longer than my neck proper, the number of frays on the edges of the collar cannot be deter-

mined, but they are rather large, and traces of them extend all around the neck.

"The length of the anterior *mandibuli* in the back part of the collar is 7 mm., and the diameter at the base is 47 mm.—diameter of base of superior maxillary, 00 mm.—the approximate length of the *mandibular ramus* is 37 miles longer than



a Mississippi freshet. The one angle of the collar projects and gives a surface somewhat ribbed rather than of a continuous character." At this point the Spectre disappeared, and I awoke, finding my wife standing over me, bathing me with a mixture of South Carolina and Louisiana water, and holding blue glass to my nose.

She said, "My dear, you have been dreaming and talking in your sleep." "Well," said I, "I think I have." Said my wife, "Take my handkerchief and wipe the perspiration off your face!" "What! a handkerchief, did you say? better bring a bucket and see that it is large."

At this point an alarm of fire was sounded. I rushed to the door and asked a boy, who was proceeding to the scene of conflagration, what was on fire, he replied, it is "Longshortness's Collar Factory." "Then, I am happy."

REVENGE! REVENGE!! REVENGE!!!

S—.



PUT UP JOB BY TWO BUNCO DOGS.

AND HOW I LOST MY BREAKFAST THROUGH MY WIFE'S ECONOMY.

"I declare, I am not going to put up with any more impudence from servant girls," exclaimed my wife, one evening when I came home tired and hungry, and saw no signs of the evening hash.

"Why, what in the world's the matter?" I exclaimed, as I threw off my over-umbrella.

"Matter enough," she said. "*She* nas gone and broke my eighty-five cent tea-pot, and I discharged her on the spot."

"Now don't get up an Ohio flood of tears and a South Carolina cyclone," I replied. "I will buy you a Newfoundland dog."

"*Newfewlein*, my dear, is the proper way of pronouncing it." This from my wife.

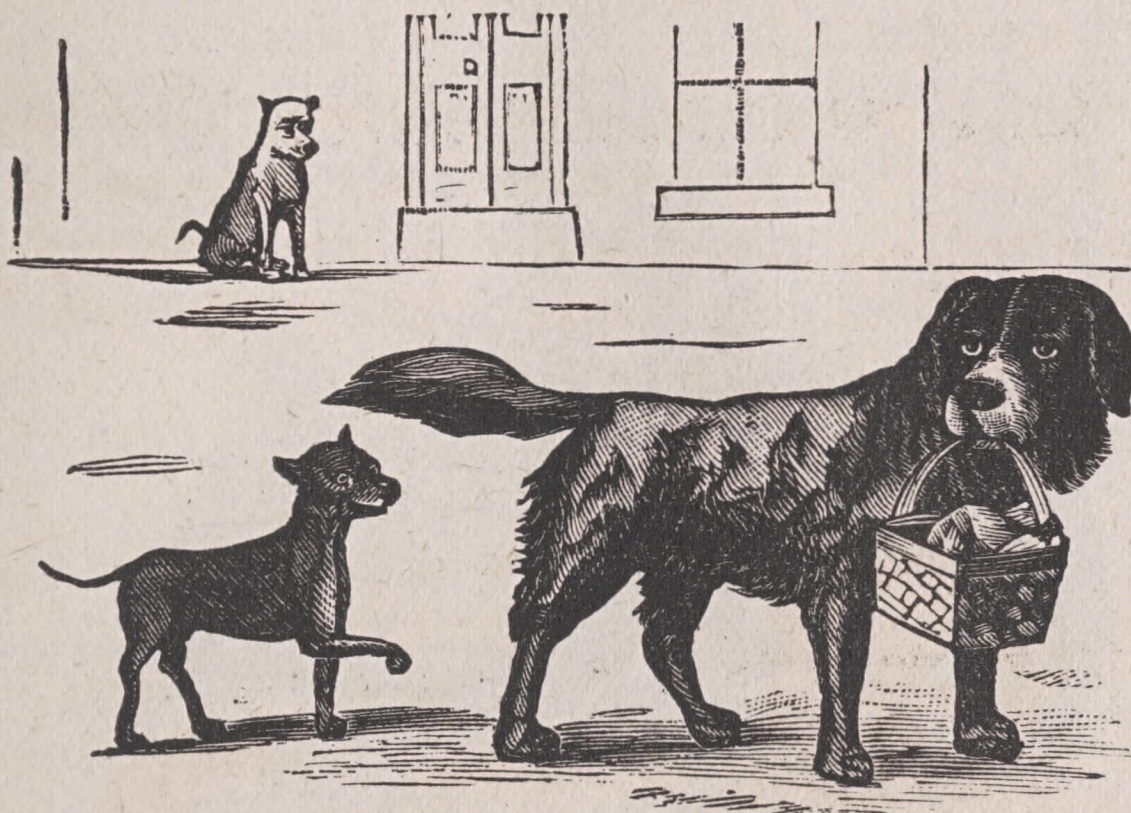
"All right, pronounce it as you please; but I believe in calling things by their proper names, as a judge said to a prisoner who was trying to explain that he was slightly *off*. 'You mean that you were very drunk.' 'Yes, Judge, spell it your way; I will not dispute, you are *on*.'"



"Anyhow," I said, "I am glad the tea-pot is broken, for we will have no more calico tea."

"Now, my dear, if you will cook the meals, the New F-o-u-n-d-l-a-n-d—(*Newfewlein*, if you please) will buy the food."

Both being agreed to this little arrangement, I hurried off to the Baldwin's Locomotive Works, and bought a two-story New !!! dog (she didn't catch me on the last syllable).

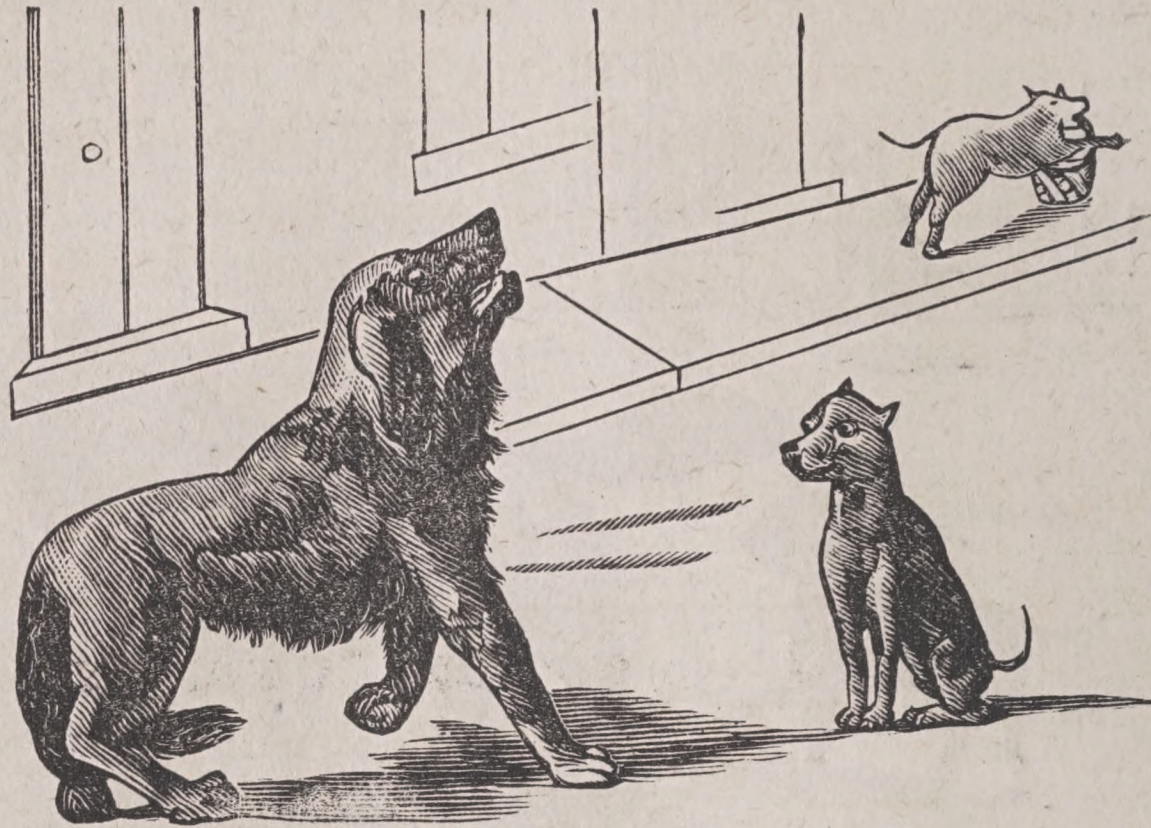


I will here explain that Baldwin keeps a number of large dogs to protect the red hot iron from being stolen by the *junkers*.

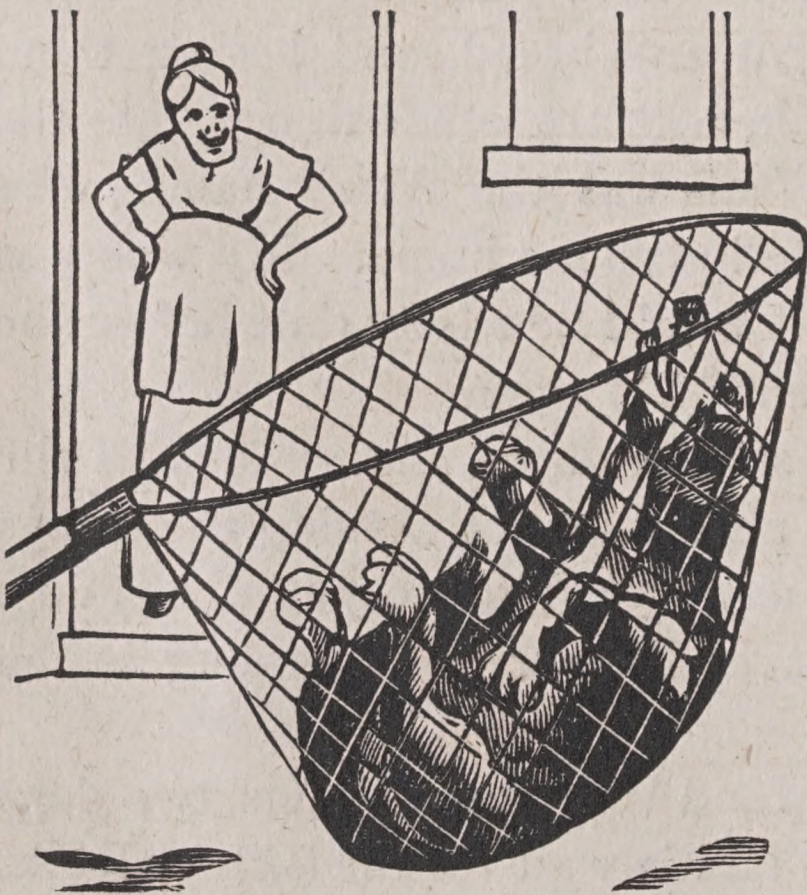
The next morning I took the dog with me to the family grocery, so that he might know where we got trusted. After making my purchase of meat and bread, and having them *charged*, I threw the pass-book, with the other things, into the basket, handed it to Rolla (this was the *New's* name), who wagged his tail, smiled, and followed me home. My wife was very much pleased, and said it would be a long time before she would be bothered with servant girls again.

Next morning Rolla was started off to the store with the basket, and after making his purchases and having the things charged, Rolla started home a happy *New* (no you don't) dog. But a *tale* followed which reached a sorrowful ending in the dog-pound.

At the corner of Sydenham and Willington streets, two dogs (one of them in the distance) laid in wait for the faithful Rolla.



"Good morning, Bouncer," said Bunco No. 1. "How's all the folks in Chicago?" Rolla growled, and said his name was not Bouncer, nor was he from Chicago. "My name is *Rolla*, from *Rolla, Missouri*."



Bunco No. 1 apologized, started *off*, and hurriedly gave Bunco No. 2 the *Bark*. "Good morning, Mr. Rolla; you are from Rolla, Missouri! How's Prince, Fanny, Tip, Beauty and all the other dogs?" Rolla was completely taken back; set down the basket, and entered into an earnest conversation with Bunco No. 2, who presently commenced

to laugh most immoderately. Rolla was getting mad, and commenced to growl, when Bunco No. 1 flew up the street with Rolla's basket, Bunco No. 2 after him, while the dog-catcher had just thrown a net over poor Rolla.

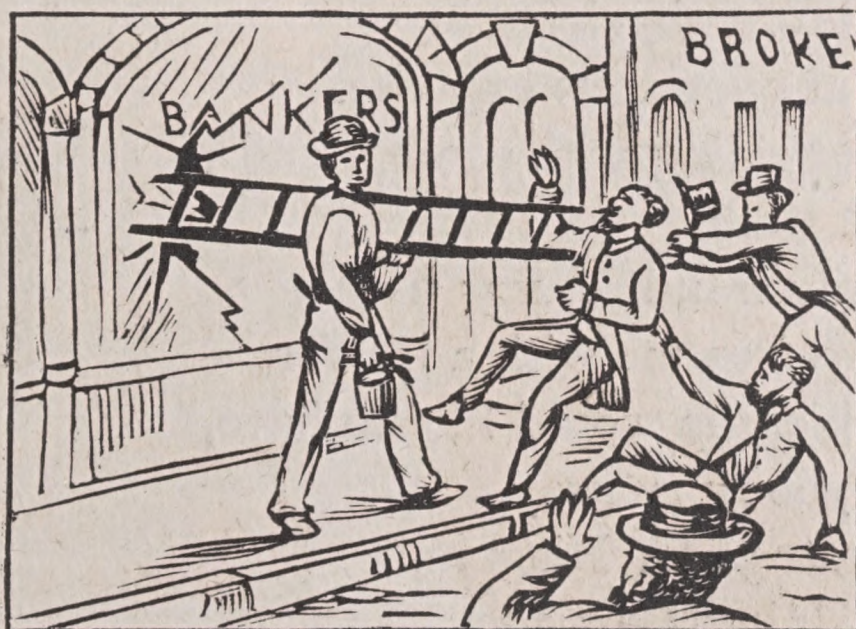
And the servant girl next door rejoiced. Verily *she* will have her reward.

EDITOR I'M OFF.

"HELLO, Charlie, where are you going with that long ladder?"



"Where am I going, did you say? Don't you see my paint



pots? I'm going to paint over all the *old signs in Wall street*. I do this twice a year!"

REMARKABLE DAYS IN JULY.

1. Started on vacation.
2. Got there.
3. I wish I hadn't.
4. Euphemia (my wife) sick.
5. Sent for Doctor.
6. Paid Doctor \$10, messenger \$1.
7. Wife mad.
8. Took my wife to races—\$100, including bets.
9. Flora, the youngest, broke an arm.
- 9½. Sent for Doctor, setting \$10.
- 9¾. Drug store for splints, &c., \$2.
- 9⅞. Telegraphed for family physician, \$2.
10. Old family fraud arrived.
- 10½. Old family fraud explains that he
- 10¾. Had to leave physician in
- 10⅞. Charge at enormous expense.
11. Went out riding with some friends,
- 11¾. And got tired.
12. Old family fraud returns home,
- 12½. And surprises me with a bill for
- 12¾. \$250, which he would like to have,
- 12⅞. As everybody is away.
13. Left Saratoga for Niagara.
14. There. Hired Carriage.
- 14¼. Went under Falls.



- 14 $\frac{1}{3}$. Carriage and Falls Fraud,
 14 $\frac{3}{4}$. Including visit to Museum, \$14.50.
 15. \$16.75 invested in small swindles for
 15 $\frac{1}{2}$. The loved ones at home.
 15 $\frac{3}{4}$. Left for Watkins.
 16. Didn't get there. Took wrong train.
 16 $\frac{1}{2}$. At Watkins. Wife mad. Went to bed.
 16 $\frac{3}{4}$. I didn't, but wish I had.
 16 $\frac{7}{8}$. Couldn't find bed. Slept on Chasm Bridge.
 17. Blank. You know why.
 18. On Seneca Lake. Baby overboard.
 18 $\frac{1}{4}$. Baby recovered. Cost \$100.
 18 $\frac{1}{2}$. My fault of course. Couldn't hold it.
 18 $\frac{3}{4}$. Too much relapse from yesterday's hilarity.
 19. Attended to wife strictly.
 20. Left Watkins for New York.
 20 $\frac{1}{2}$. In sleeping car.
 20 $\frac{3}{4}$. In sleeping car, but no sleep.
 21. New York, Carriage, Hotel, Breakfast \$7.85.
 21 $\frac{1}{2}$. Central Park, Carriage, Restaurant \$11.67.
 21 $\frac{3}{4}$. Wife takes nap. I take a stroll.
 21 $\frac{7}{8}$. Meet Buncos. Get robbed, of course.
 22. Bunco story not believed.
 22 $\frac{1}{4}$. Story too old. Too many—
 22 $\frac{1}{2}$. Others out of cash. Tried to play
 22 $\frac{3}{4}$. Same game on landlord.
 22 $\frac{7}{8}$. Wife sides with landlord.
 23. Telegraph for money.
 23 $\frac{1}{4}$. Get it, and with it
 24. Order from partner to
 24 $\frac{1}{4}$. Come home at once.



- 24 $\frac{1}{3}$. As Bookkeeper's accounts short
 25. And run off with partner's wife.
 25 $\frac{1}{2}$. Getting ready, wife very much mad,
 25 $\frac{2}{3}$. And children helping her.
 26. I'm Off for Home
 27. And get there.
 28. Went down to store.
 28 $\frac{1}{2}$. Found partner
 28 $\frac{3}{4}$. Much off.
 28 $\frac{7}{8}$. Sheriff's bill on store.
 29. Store closed.
 30. Creditors weeping and
 30 $\frac{1}{2}$. Gnashing teeth.
 31. All off.



FREDDY SWEETBREAD.

Freddy is a good boy : always first at Sunday-school ; he never gives his teacher any trouble, and at Christmas always has the most tickets, in return for which he receives the nicest book. Freddy, however, is not as good as he looks. He has more *impiety* in his little head than the bad boy who went fishing on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and who hid his fish in a barrel until Monday.

The regular Christmas Sunday-school celebration was near at hand, and Freddy was short several tickets of the necessary number in order to secure the best book and also the extra chromo, which was to be given to the scholar who turned in the most tickets, and the cleanest and brightest.

During the summer Freddy had taken a few Sundays in the country for recreation, while the Sunday-school building was



being repaired. Here Freddy got acquainted with the country S. S. boy, and traded marbles with him for S. S. tickets, but when Freddy got home he found the city and country Sunday-school tickets were of different color and size. He was very much puzzled

to know what to do. He wanted that book and the chromo. A new idea just then flashed into his little brain. He knew Charlie Bevans, the printer's son, and he would get him to print the tickets. Charlie could also print a lot for himself, so that he would get the next best book and chromo. Now, Charlie had never been in a Sunday-school and was afraid of getting caught, but Freddy explained to him

that the Sunday-school was so large, and as nearly all the scholars would be at the celebration, there was no danger of being found out. Freddy, however, got caught in his own trap. In his eager desire to get the Sunday-school book and the chromo, he forgot all about the Sunday-school being closed for eight weeks. He carefully put his fifty-two tickets away, and impatiently waited for the celebration.

Charlie Bevans, being elated by Freddy's scheme, conspired with other *non-S. S* boys, and printed several thousand Sunday-school tickets, and gave 104 to every non-Sunday-school boy, being two for each Sunday, keeping 365 for himself, determined to get the best Sunday-school book and chromo, adding he would be even with Freddy for trying to make him a bad boy.



The Sunday for the school celebration arrived, Freddy was in high spirits; his mother had bought him a new red suit the day before, so he could be easily distinguished from the other Sunday-school scholars. People would say, "There goes Freddy Sweetbread, the boy who carried off the first prize."

Freddy was the first boy at the school, and as he walked to his seat he imagined the kind hearted superintendent, who was looking at him, say, "That's a good boy; what a comfort to his parents! great pity there isn't more of him; no brother or sister to divide his goodness with! he will no doubt be superintendent of this Sunday-school when I am laid away!"

Presently in walked Charlie Bevans and several non-Sunday-school scholars. Soon the building was filled; the superintendent called for chairs to be put in the aisles. He said his soul was running over with joy at the sight. The invitation he gave out last Sunday to the scholars to bring all their friends to the celebration had met with most unbounded success. "He believed there were more non-S. S. S's present than S. S. S' .

And there was. The aisles were packed with boys, but on they came; the doors were filled with them, and the street completely blocked.

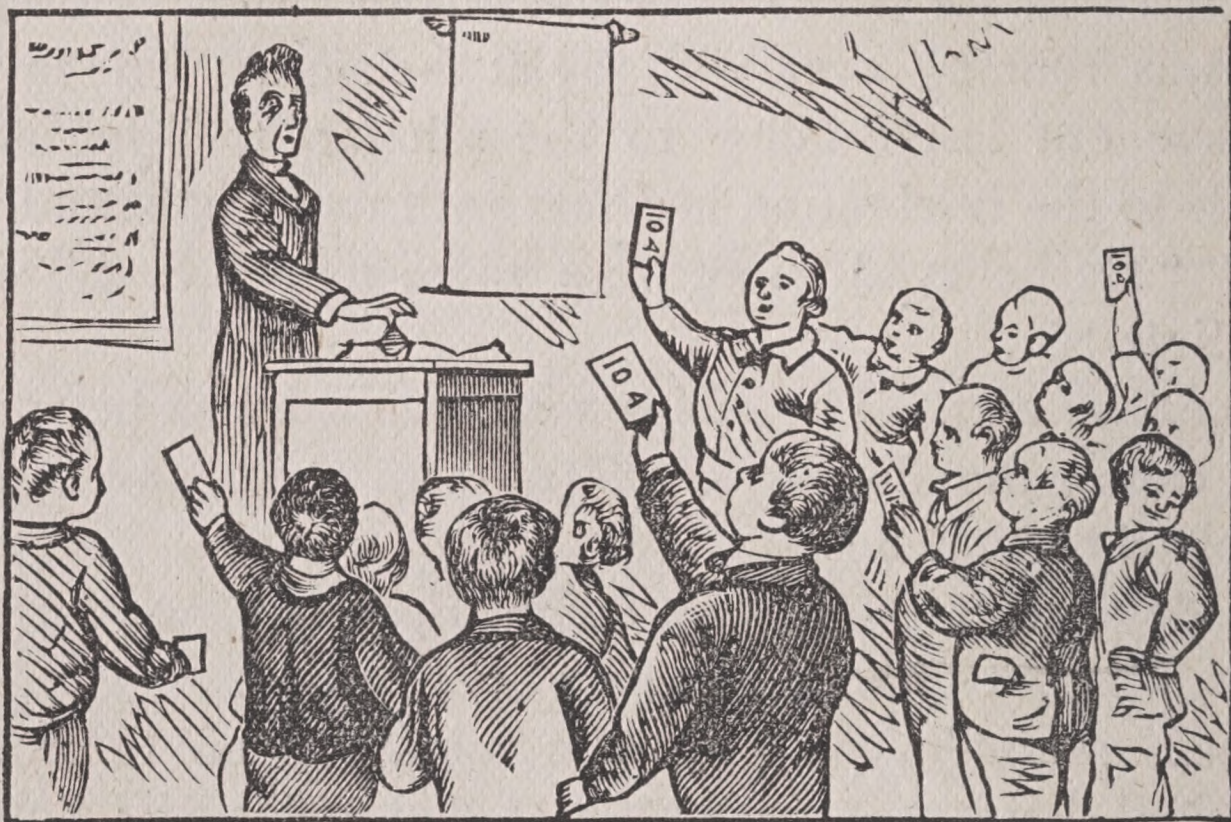
Freddy was getting very much frightened, and turned red in the face, but Charlie Bevans was all smiles.

The Superintendent called the Sunday-school to order, and remarked that it was the proudest day of his life; but as the crowd present was so great, he would not attempt to call up the scholars by classes. He also regretted that the Christmas tree did not contain a present for every Sunday-school scholar and non-Sunday-school scholar. He would commence the distribution of prizes, however, by calling up the boy who had the most Sunday-school tickets. He presumed that every Sunday-school scholar knew who that boy was. He had not missed a Sunday with the exception of the eight that the building had been closed for repairs.

Charlie Bevans and the other non-Sunday-school scholars did not understand this remark, but Freddy Sweetbread did,

and tried to get rid of eight tickets. The superintendent continued:

"I will not detain the school any longer, but will simply announce the name of Freddy Sweetbread, the boy who has the greatest number and cleanest Sunday-school tickets; he will walk forward and receive 'The Youth's Temptation, and how he Conquered It,' and the prize chromo called 'Two White Elephants.'"



These words were hardly out of the Superintendent's mouth, when a thousand boys rose up to claim the prize. All the non-Sunday-school scholars called out, "I have 104!" "104!" "104!" Charlie Bevans voice was heard above all the rest, "Three hundred and sixty-five tickets, and more at home, all clean, just printed; I claim the prize!"

Freddy Sweetbread sat very still—he did not want the prize.

The Superintendent was dumfounded and called in vain to the scholars to keep quiet. The school was dismissed, and the poor old man escaped out the back way. A rush was made for the Christmas tree by the non-Sunday-school scholars,

who captured all the prizes, Charlie Bevans getting off with "The Youth's Temptation" and the "Two White Elephants" chromo.



Freddy Sweetbread was crushed, but he never speaks to a non-S. S. S. when he meets him.

gLaSs EYEs ≥ ItH A gIrL cOMBINAtION.

THE story of the man wity the glass eye, in the car should Be A warning to women. the man wes Looking out of tLe mindom wity his good eye, and the glass eye became "sot" as It wore, on A good | looking female opposite. she did not know it mas e glass eye, and supposed the bad man was trying to Fascinate her wity his Gaze, and she became NERVOUS. whenever she would look up tye man's eye mas After her, and the poor man who had paid 5 dollaIs for the eye at en eye-store, did Not know thAt it was set On a girl combination, and wes as Innocent as possible. The glasseye kept gettin8 in its Work, unti/finelly the Girl got up and Hit the man oAer the heed with v smAtL aligATOR skIN satch-el, And as he got up and flew to the swokin8 -car, scereD ou of his ≥ its, the glass eye look@d back at tye girl wity tye same ston8, impud@nt Stare. when girls find v men staRing et theu, the Best wa8 is to SpeaK kindly to them and say, "MisTer, i would tYank you to turn your glass eye the otyer way." even if it is not v glass eye, The men will turn it the other way if ye knows When ye is well off.

This was set up by a compositor who has been attending the Chicago Conventions, and also some others since his return.

MANIACAL MUSINGS

MANIFESTED MOSTLY MEANDERING MOODILY MIDST MISTY MAZES.

PERPETRATED PURPOSELY PHOR PERUSAL IN THIS PUBLICATION.

I would not die in spring time
When the bloom is on the rye
When the porpoise in his pastime
Skims the emerald sky.

No! let me like a soldier fall,
If you don't print this screed
I wish no fee at all at all
And though hungry scorn the feed.

Let us speak of a man as we find him
For a man's a man for all that
Let the dust of the gold rise and blind him
So he can live on the land of the fat.

Then give oh give me my pound of flesh
Just now when I am willing
I care not even if its pork
If not too much for a shilling.

For when the corn is waving Annie dear
And the sea is on it's ear
The ships must very careful steer
Or their crew would want a beer.

But as my pen is gitting bad
And my ink is gitting pale
No more at present can be had
And so I bid you *vale*.

Mr. Editor, if the above don't fill one page in "I'M OFF"
put it in larger type.

PROUGHBASCOUGH.

THE BELL RINGERS.

"Will you take charge of the house to-night," said my wife to me, "while I do a little shopping?" "Of course I will," I replied, and as a mutual friend had just dropped in for a social chat and smoke, I added, "Stay out as long as you please, take your neighbor with you, and have a good time."

My friend and I had hardly got seated, when the door bell went off with a sudden jerk. Going to the door, I could not perceive any *body*, nor even a soul. I thought it rather strange, but made no mention of it to my friend. I had hardly got seated, when door and gate bell went off together. Both of us were startled and jumped up at the same time, he remarking (who is a Colonel by the way), that it must be a militia call, and that a Cincinnati riot was going on in two editions, double octavo.

The same luck as before, no one was in sight. I walked up the street and my friend down, but no one was visible. "It is strange," he said.

Just as we were going into the house, the Colonel, perceiving the cellar window had fallen out on the pavement, shouted out, "Old fellow, there's a thief in the house. I will watch the window and you take the dog and go into the cellar; I'll head him off if he comes this way." I started, and just as I opened the cellar door out went the candle, and down I went over a washtub, which the careless servant had left on the stairs. Over and over I went, the tub always on top,



until finally I rolled up to the coal bin. When I got loose, there was nothing left of the tub but the hoops which I had on, and a pile of kindling wood.

Mehemet-ali-Pasha! What a sight I was, all besmeared with mackerel brine and coal dust, but no thief was to be seen. They do not ring door bells as a rule, when they come on a robbing picnic. I called out to my friend to put the window in, and I would fasten it. There had been a heavy rain, and as the wood was green, it had grown while lying on the pavement, leaving the hooks three inches from the catch.

"Kick the window to the left," I said, when, zero and carry eight, he mashed my thumb! "Kick it to the right!" "El-Madhi! You have mashed my left thumb!" "Now, kick it in the centre," and his foot went through the glass, and gave me a double chin. "Hold on!" I shouted, "You will kill me. Get out of the way," and I picked up the long heater



poker, and jammed it through the window sash, smashing it into a thousand pieces, and landing my friend into the middle of the street. I then made for the kitchen to wash off, turned on the spigot and held my two thumbs under it to cool them off, but I turned on the wrong one, and my attention being attracted to a big roach, with overcoat and carving knife in hand, I scalded both hands. I was just about to say something—well, my

Presbyterian brother-in-law says it is no harm to swear when you come to stove-pipe—when the door bell was rung again.

"I will get you this time," I said, and throwing off my shoes, I tiptoed to the door quietly, and opened it, and landed a cyclone blow into my friend's face! He never stopped to rest until he got up against a house on the other side of the street! I had forgotten all about him, being so busily occupied with my own troubles.

"Are you much hurt, my dear Colonel?"

"Don't I look it? Not satisfied with hitting me with a red hot poker, you have split my nose in half."

"Kick me into the house! Do anything you please! I will trade bruises with you even up. Anything! Come on and fix up. We will get square with somebody for this yet," I said, and we did.

After repairing damages, we sat down once more, after pulling the upper and lower bolts of the parlor door.

"You take the left and I'll take the right of the double doors."

We did not have long to wait. Off went the bell, and open wide went both doors. The Colonel struck my wife a sledge-hammer blow in the eye, spinning her round like a top, and I let go with my right, hitting my next-door neighbor's wife on the neck, knocking her clean through her own door.

"Murder! — thieves!" was shouted out. The street filled with people. Two stalwart po-



licemen rushed up and collared us both, bare-headed, and marched us off to the station-house.



As we were taken away, I heard voices shouting: "We are the 'Bell Ringers.'"

"Hold on! This is a mistake! I want to explain. That was my wife my friend struck accidentally for a bell-ringer!"



"You can explain in the morning" said the officer. "Look at those hands," he said, as he put the nippers on me. "Both thumbs mashed and hands bruised! You have no doubt fell through a glass

house in some previous robbery. And your friend—he's an old bird. I have had him before. I know him by his double chin and the bunion over his eye."

Protests were without avail, and we were thrown into the cells. A drunken man was already occupying part of my bed, and called out,

"Wash-er mather? Who's yours-kill?"

I soon silenced him by a threat to smother him if he spoke again, and I laid down on the floor, and slept the sleep of the unjust.

Early next morning came a rap at my cell, the key was turned, the door opened, and I beheld (but what an eye she had! So sunk in by my friend's blow that you could put all your small change in the cavity), my wife and a big reserve officer. But she wasn't mad; on the contrary, she was all smiles, with the exception of her bruised eye, which frowned,

while the balance of her face seemed to be "warmed by the sun and kissed by the sea."

"Oh, Charlie," she said, "I will forgive all, if you will only tell me what kind of an instrument you struck Mrs. Smith with! She has got a hump on her neck as big as a camel, and has to turn around twice before she can speak, and I'm glad! she is so jealous. Why, what do you think she said? She told me the men were alike, only some of them were more so, and that you *wore more so!* The idea you can't afford to go away this summer! that you were trying to save up something for old age. And what else do you think she said, the termagant! That I was in delicate health, and you were looking out for another wife, and 'I know the woman he's going to marry.' But come, let's be off. You will have to apologize to her, but the apology will not be real, will it, dear?" I did not reply, but handed the officer a V, which got my friend off, and we all went off to see Mrs. Smith whose neck was nearly off.



WANTED TO BE AN ANGEL.—She sang, "I want to be an angel," and he declared that she was one already. To this she blushing demurred. Then he married her. Demurrer sustained.—*Marine News*.

THE winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigator.—*Gibbons*.

TESTIMONIALS.

[RECEIVED AFTER THE BOOK WAS PRINTED.]

From the Editor of a religious paper of large circulation:

Accept sincere thanks for advanced sheets of "I'M OFF." It is a blessed relief to one who has to write vital piety fifty-two weeks in the year. I consider myself made stronger for the work, since reading "I'M OFF," and after my return from Europe (I have been staying up all night for eighteen months, writing up a second-class steamship company for a third-class berth to Europe and return), I shall pour red-hot ink into every line of type to all delinquent subscribers.

RUSTICUS.

From a leading Clergyman of a very large Parish:

I received your "I'M OFF," just as I was getting off to Europe for a vacation. My salary was increased to \$10,000 per annum, commencing with the New Year, since which time I have had the throat disease. This affection is entirely due to an increase of salary. Previously I enjoyed good health. I have just read the first *galley* of your new book, and it has had a wonderful effect on my shattered constitution. If I continue to get better, I shall order the captain to hail a returning vessel in mid-ocean, so that I can get speedily back to my congregation, as I fear the "supply" may undermine me during my absence.

Affectionately,

ONEWHOKNOWS.

From a Masonic Mason:

I have just read your new Summer Book "I'M OFF." I consider it fully as funny as the Report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, although it takes a very funny man to beat the very funny chairman of this very funny report. Yours,

LATEFEEDER.

ROME, May 15th, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have just purchased a copy of your "I'M OFF." It has made me laugh heartily. The Italian cardinals are giving me a great deal of trouble just now, and accuse me of too much sympathy with America. I have twelve hats to dispose of. I intend to give them all to the Americans. This will give America a majority in the college of cardinals, an honor I consider due them. I think things now will work smoothly, as I have outwitted Bismark and the German empire.

Yours for fun,

LEO.

From a Small Boy:

I like "I'M OFF." It makes me feel like getting off. I wish we could have the small-pox in our school; then we would have vacation two weeks sooner. What's the use of school anyhow? Why it's just to keep us boys from having fun; and then you have to study history—all about Columbus discovering America. Queen Isabella should have hung him for his treachery or else set him to work cleaning streets. And there was Gen. George Washington! Of course I take my hat off every time I see his picture; I suppose he was a good man in his day; but what do we boys want to know about how many battles he fought, and that he was first with the hatchet. And Gen. La Fayette! What do we want to know

about the French? I suppose, though, if La Fayette hadn't helped him, the Father of our Country would have had a pretty tough time in pulling through. Our teacher says La Fayette, though born in France, was an American, a perfect out-and-outer! but us boys don't believe such stuff. Lafay ate French, talked French, fought French and sailed French; which makes our history Frenchy. I don't care for history; I want to read something funny, or frightful. I like both kinds. But here comes the teacher, and

I'M OFF.

From a Boston Bookstore:

Please send me 50 copies of your "I'M OFF." I would order more, but I do not desire to be stuck, having to pay my own store rent and all other bills, the members of the Episcopal Church, unlike those of the denominations around us, buy their books where they can get them the cheapest. They have no "Book Concerns," no "Publication Societies," nor "Depositories," with presidents and secretaries receiving large salaries. The only bookstore we ever had in this city supported by voluntary contributions was "busted" during the late war by publishing too many tracts. Have you got "I'M OFF" in the Italian, Spanish, and French languages, as I have many such customers?

P——.

From the President:

Please accept my thanks for a copy of your "I'M OFF." Next to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," I consider it the most useful work of the Nineteenth Century. After the Convention at Chicago, I will know the number of copies I require for campaign purposes.

P. S.—Do not communicate with Butler until you hear further from me.

INTERNATIONAL BABY SHOW.

BABIES OF THE OLD WORLD.



The oiled and horned baby of the Syrians.



The spicy, peppery, sling-in-its-hand baby of the Balearic Isles.



The salted baby of the Turks.



The Empire or Republic (?) baby of France.



The baby-with-the silver-spoon of the English Nobility.



The mountain baby of Switzerland.



The baby-on-ice of Russia.



The whining baby of the Rhine.



The military baby
of Prussia.



The baby - under - the -
snow of Siberia.



The diamond baby of
Australia.



The Ginx baby of
the English work-
man.



The canny baby
of Scotland.



The Dynamite
baby of Ireland.



The buttered baby of
the Tartars.



The beer-and-sausage
baby of Germany.



The maelstrom
baby of Norway.



The tank - a - lank guitar
baby of Spain.



The nix wisser baby
of Holland.



The dago baby of Italy.



The troublesome baby of the Soudan.



The gum arabic baby of Arabia.



The Assegi baby of Senegambia.



The shawl baby of India.



The profound, scientific, useful, all-around, archipelago, dead-language, once-powerful, stand-up, fight-and-die, terrible-fire baby of the Greeks.



The boomerang baby Africa.



The ask-me-a-harder-one sphynx and riddle baby of Egypt.



The Sheep-raising-and-nothing-else baby of Andalusia.



The fan-and-butterfly, umbrella-and varnish, sad-eyed baby of Japan.



The bound-to-be
free-in-name-and-
fame baby of Li-
beria.



The sky-rocket joss-
stick, hair-plaited, al-
mond-eyed baby of
China.



The born-and-raised-in-a-tent, thieving, asafetida-eating,
lazy, but murderous baby of Belloochistan.

BABIES OF THE NEW WORLD.



The western-
wild, dressed-in
feathers, to ma-
hawk, hair-rai-
sing, trouble-mak-
ing, reservation-
leaving, restless,
scalp-knife-wielding, aboriginal-war-
dance baby of the New World.



The revolutionary baby
of Chili.



The fur-covered
baby of British
America.



The old mine-diamond
baby of Brazil.



The run-you-into
the-swamp-and-keep
you-there baby of
Hayti.



The *more* revolution-
ary baby of Venezuela.



The Zona Libre, going-
to - have - an - American-
Railroad, cactus baby of
Mexico.



The Cod - and-
fog-bank fish-hook
in-its-mouth-don't
care-a-cent-if-the-
haul-is-good baby
of Newfoundland.



The restless baby of
Central America.



The baby that all the rest
of the babies take a liking to.

OUR BABIES.



The pine, nutmeg, spindle and loom, fish, Green Mountain, in-
dustrious, manufacturing, straight-out, college-bred baby of the
Eastern States.



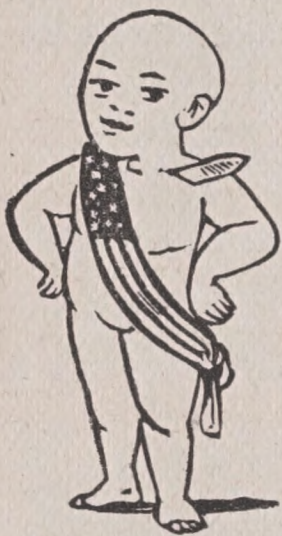
The almighty dollar, cream, butter and eggs, sea-washed, coal,
iron and corn, house and ship-building baby of the Middle States.



The sturdy, sleeves-rolled-up, wheat, pork, prairie, ham,
gold and silver, buffalo-hunting, cattle-raising, Indian-hating,
rifle-shooting baby of the Western States and Territories.



The generous, hospitable, shot-gun, sugar, tar, palmetto, cotton, tobacco, pistol-shooting, -warmed-by-the-sun-and-kissed-by-the-sea, blue-grass-and-orange baby of the Southern States.



The United States baby.
The *best* Baby,
Our Baby.

Knock the chip from his shoulder if you dare!

GAINING INFORMATION.



Aniseed bag Fox Hunter.
—"Aw! quite a fine collection of animals here, I see."

Keeper Zoological Garden.
—"Yes, sir; the finest in the world."

Dude Fox Hunter.—"There is a remarkably strange animal in that cage."

Keeper.—"That? Yes, that is from Tasmania."

Dude Fox Hunter.—"No, not that cage; the one on the other side. What is it?"

Keeper.—"That? Oh, that is a fox."

THE UBIQUITOUS FLY,

AND HOW HE CONDUCTS HIMSELF.

The fly season is here. I was struck with this on the 10th, as I was eating dried-currant pie. I asked the cook, jokingly, if the flies were dead when she made the pies (it makes a difference to me if flies are dead or alive when they are put into currant pies or Dutch-cake). Cook is a kind of a wit, and told me that the "joke would not pass *current*." The fly dies year by year, but where he goes to, and why there are more flies the next year, it is beyond the power of mortal man to find out.



My acquaintance with the house fly (*Musca domestica*) began when I was very young—a cribber, in fact. I had a varied

experience with the *musca*. I had a sweet mouth, the nurse said, and the flies thought so, too, the way they flew around it and lit on it. I was a bottle baby, and, of course, the sweetness that was left on my mouth was steady lunch to the M.D.; in fact, it was one of his daily routes, and he stopped there anyhow, even if I hadn't had any milk, and made just as much tickle as though I had just gotten through with my hose and bottle business and left some on my mouth for him. If he found nothing, he'd go up into my nose and sit down to smoke. I know he smoked, because I had to sneeze, and I sneeze to-day when I smell tobacco. He'd go into my ear to chew tobacco and spit there. I tell you, the M.D. and the babies have many accounts to settle together. Infants can't brush flies off without hitting themselves; they haven't sense enough to do anything but yell when the fly bothers 'em. Then the nurse thinks it is stomachache and jumps them up and down on her knee, and all the time there are two sample-room flies in his nose smoking, and a corner-loafer fly in his right ear chewing tobacco and spitting right against his tympanum, while the nurse is trotting and churning the bottle of milk, which has just been taken, and *should* be left where it will be assimilated, instead of being joggled and slopped all over a baby's insides by the nurse's "tramp, tramp, tramp."



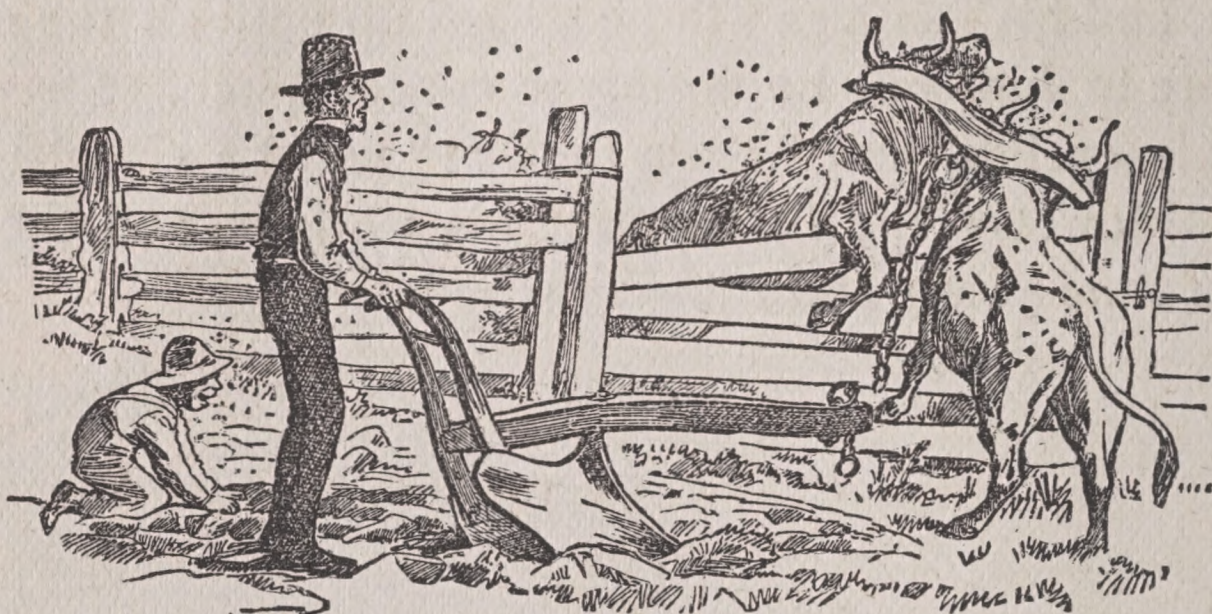
Ah! I speak for the whole tribe of babies under two years old when I say "Darn a fly" (*Musca domestica*).

Flies are of use sometimes. Old men should *never* sleep immediately after dinner, but they will do it if they get an opportunity. Here is where the fly comes in. He will travel over and around the bald pate of an old gent who is trying to sleep as though he were surveying a new railroad to be built all in curves. The O. G. will be kept awake by this constant motion, and his faculties will be stirred up until all the nerves there are to him will be strung to concert-pitch. Sleep will leave his eyelids, and "Darn the fly!" will be ejaculated, as usual. However, the fly has got his work in, and the aged party is wide awake according to schedule.



Flies are of use to keep courting couples and plow-teams lively in the proper season. I remember once that a good old uncle of mine, whom I was visiting one summer in my boyhood

days—a farmer of experience and means—of many acres and strict church principles, a man of several feet and inches, and among men an example, who never swore, or, as I believe, even spoke strongly, who never chewed or smoked tobacco, or drank in his life, once said to me: “Joey, it’s plowing time and I want to get over that field down by the county line. Can you help me?” Of course I’d help Uncle William, any time, and willingly said yes.



As I had become tired of my skirmish with the caterpillars and potato bugs, I left that and went plowing with the best, kindest, and tallest old farmer in Berks county, Pennsylvania. We had first to plow up an old steer pen—country reader you know what that is—it is a hard job, there is no let up to it. It is a series of aggravating incidents and sudden jerks from its start to its wind-up, and with the addition of the “back number” chestnut burs which I had found in a fence-corner and placed under the oxen’s wide harness, matters were quite lively. Exclamations from Uncle William such as, “Oh my!” “Did you ever see!” “Well, well, well!” constantly gave me to understand that the plowing wasn’t easy and that Uncle was slightly discouraged. I could see the team in the air at

times while the plow was down somewhere, and then the situation would be changed suddenly; the plow, an old Santa Anna, would appear and the team be out of sight. During all this time the off-ox, to whose harness had been fastened the "back-number" burs, had been particularly restive, and my good Uncle would cry: "Ho! Berry, ho! Berry!—what under the sun ails that ox—well! well! well!—go on Buck!" But suddenly, as though they had been telegraphed for, came the flies by thousands and thousands of millions, every one of them an active fly and no drones, every fly with his stabbing apparatus in order and sharp. Every fly bent on lunch and business, which they at once commenced to attend to. Nine hundred and thirty-three million attacked each ox of the plow team, six hundred and forty-one millions attacked Uncle William, and the balance devoted their entire attention to me. I never expect to see such a time, or hear such strong language again. The Berry ox stood not upon the order of his going, but just "shucked" himself of half his harness and broke the yoke when only half his share of flies had attacked him, and left for the creek on a government gallop. The other ox started for the small door in the barn, and as he couldn't get in on account of the width of his horns, he just backed in hurriedly and pulled part of the barn in after him. My uncle being without his motive power, and afraid of being eaten alive, for the good old man was already bleeding from a million fly-bites, deliberately, and for the first and last time in his life swore a solid swear—he could look calmly on the potato bug ravages and subscribe to a Sunday school the same day—he could view with immovable countenance the caterpillars' spoils and give to the new church the next minute, but this fly influx, this flood of pests, was too much for the old

man, and with an "I'll be blamed," he left for the house and I for the front gate. The flies beat the old farmer that time, but in a half an hour when the breeze came, the trouble was over and he was at the gate handing half a dollar to a



beggar with the remark to me, that "An act of charity covers a multitude of sins, Joey, and you keep your mouth shut, d'ye hear?" and I have until now. Flies vary as to their adjective names, but they are pretty much alike. Some of them carry State Fair Medals for size and speed, but all have diplomas for staying qualities. We have with us to-day in active business (next year we will have more) one hundred and sixty-five kinds out of a possible seven hundred and three. Below is a partial list, and by early application you can secure a good supply of guaranteed insects suitable for your climate. In writing for flies, please state your latitude and longitude. Whether you live in the United States or Jersey, whether you are male or female, whether you want to use the flies on yourself, your cattle or your crops; whether you are bald or otherwise, the size

of your feet and who your congressman is, also the amount of space to be occupied by the flies, and how many children you have, with their ages, and we cannot fail to suit you from the following list :

15—The horse fly—use for all cattle, July to September. Blue-bottle, June to October. Flies of a Theatre, “all the year round.” The Spanish fly—Any time for pleasure or to make bliss—stir. The Green fly—May to August, plant always near horses. Base-ball flies—Good from April to Nov. The Blow fly—Several varieties, May to Aug. The Gad fly—August and September ; plant near cows. Flys of a Printing Press—For evermore the public good. The butter-fly, the sheep-fly, the wheat fly and shoe-fly—the latter is grown principally south of the Ohio River. The dragon fly (English), the sand fly (Jersey), the fly-wheel for the mechanic, and time flies for all. Written for ‘I’M OFF’ by

ELSASSAR P. LARRABEE.



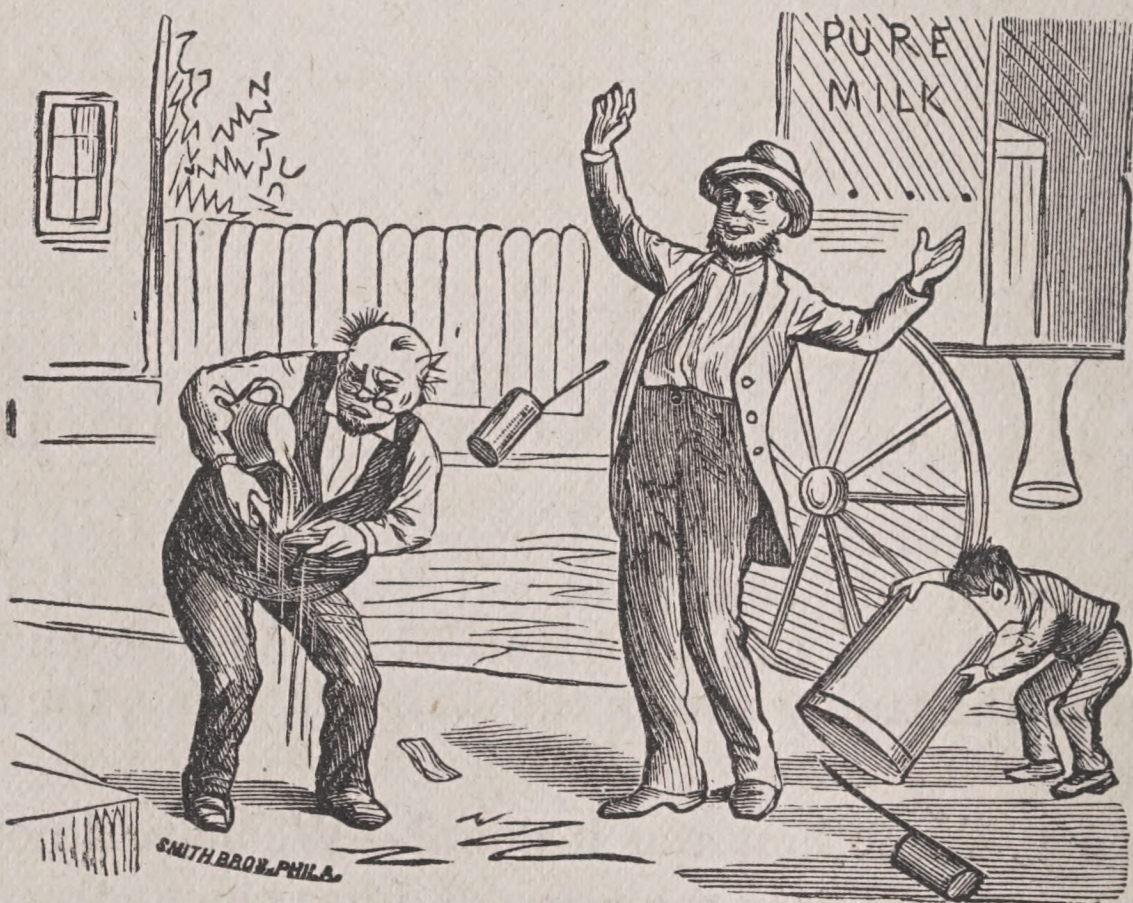
WALTON P. WEBB, now of Jefferson county, Ga., together with eleven of his sons, entered the service at the beginning of the war, and all returned home safe and sound. One half of the family was in the Virginia army, the other in the West.

Walton P. Webb how was it done?—We have known men who sent one son into the army and lost them all.—What a jury you and the sons would make, Walton.

TEXICO W. POTTS.



THE ABSENT-MINDED OLD BACHELOR RECEIVES HIS MORNING MILK.



AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET-BOOK.

EMPH—E-EEM.

“What a beautiful Sabbath morning,” said Mrs. Phillipoto to her husband. “Emph—e-eem,” was the reply of Mr. P., as he rolled over on the bed for another nap.



“Are you ‘off’ to church this morning? Let’s go and hear Dr. Learnedculture. He’s divine! his mouth—what a beautiful expression! and what pretty hands, and such lovely feet! Come, wake up, do, and get dressed for breakfast, so we can be off in time to hear the *Voluntary*.”

Mr. P., who was dosing, caught these sentences very disconnectedly: “No, I won’t go to church *voluntarily* or otherwise,” was his response.

“How do you expect to get to heaven, if you do not go to church?” asked Mrs. P. angrily, and in a voice which set the dogs to barking.

“Who said I was going to heaven? Didn’t say anything of the kind. Leave me alone; go to church or heaven yourself. I want to stay here;” and Mr. P. rolled over to the other side of the bed, and put the blanket over his head to drown the noise. For a few minutes all was quiet, and Mr. P. was hard at work snoring in two sentences—“Poo-oooh caunk-cau-caunk.” A shake of the body, and “Petty, won’t you

go to church?" was said in a sweet voice. "No, I won't!



Here's \$10, go and buy something to-morrow. Don't worry me any more," and off shot Mr. P. into another room got into a big chair, threw his feet on the table, and was soon off on another ethereal excursion—taking in on route

some of his doings the night before. "Waiter, bring bottle champagne." "No, had enough." "I ordered this, you've nothing to do with it." "I'm off. My wife's expecting me. Nearly 12 o'clock." "Hold on, 'morrow's Sunday—all day to rest," when he was suddenly woke up by Mrs. P. "Take your \$10. You can't buy me with money. You are bringing your children up pretty! You are teaching them to hate church."

"I'm doing nothing of the kind. I gave them each an orange and a banana to go early, and \$1 for collection, besides sending the sexton \$3 for one quarter's salary for keeping people out of our pew."

"Yes, pay them to go! but you can't pay *me*!"

"I would like to, if your price is not too high," replied Mr. P., the calm smile disappearing and the mad appearing in ridges on his forehead, similar to the small waves of the ocean followed by the greater ones.

"Does your conscience prick *you* for not going," said Mr. P.

"Yes sir-r; it's continually on my mind; and I am worried almost to death about it."

"Then go to church and quiet your conscience. There's nothing the matter with my conscience. I can sleep all day, and conscience will not annoy me."

"You haven't got any conscience," replied Mrs. P.

"I know it; therefore I don't have to go to church."

"*There will be very few men in heaven,*" replied Mrs. P., angrily, as she left Mr. P. to his fate. To which he replied, as he went off into another nap, "Yes, I suppose there will be a few men in heaven, to act as superintendents to keep the women in order."

"WHAT did you say?"

But Mr. P. was "off" with his friends, snoring away, calling for "'Nother bottle champagne."



"JIM! JIM! Lemme git down, right now!"

"Why don't ye done han' me down de odder turkey an' be soon about it?"

"Lemme down, Jim! Lemme down! Don't you see de old farmer an' his gun, an' de dogs, eh?"

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB,

IN FEBRUARY, AND WHAT SHE DID WITH IT.



This Mary and this Lamb were Practical People, at least Mary was. She owned the Lamb and the Lamb knew It. The Lamb did not Know what Mary knew. Mary knew she Was going to sell The Lamb to the Butcher to Slaughter for the Shambles when Lamb meat was Bringing the most Money. Mary sold the Lamb to the Butcher in February, when Lamb Meat was High, and realized Thirteen Dollars on the Lamb, and to-day she Has the handsomest Gown and Bonnet in Con-neautville, and is Engaged to be Married to the Son of the president of the Bank, all on account of a Little Lamb. Moral, dear children—Raise Mutton.

WALLACE CHAPMAN DIGGS.

TESTIMONIALS—CONTINUED.

From Pastor of 33d Presbyterian Hospital, 68th Ward, 2d Brigade, May 10th, 1884:

Please send 500 copies of your "I'M OFF" as quick as possible. Between you and I there is a great deal of fun in Presbyterianism to those who are acquainted with its workings. You make no mention of the money donated to us from the proceeds of the late Charity Ball which you know we refused. Some people think this was done on principle, but this is a mistake. There are a great many hide-bound people other than Presbyterians. The Trustees of the Hospital decided not to accept the money, and advertised the same extensively to gain Bunkum from the rich Hide-Bounds, and we have succeeded immensely, having secured 3 times as much as the proceeds awarded us from the Charity Ball. Yours for tact,

SUPERINTENDENT.

From a Printer:

The best thing I have put in type for a long time. I like *fat takes*, especially when they are funny and *leaded*. But *double-leaded* nonpareil, 160 em's wide, with only 6 words, is my idea of *fat*. I once set on such a work, and used pressed bricks for *spacing* out. I made \$200 the first week, and the second week I was "off" and soon spent my little fortune. I am now setting *solid* pica 18 em's wide. The book is entitled *Ramdamtha, or the Late Beautiful Sunsets*, but there is no fun in it. On the contrary, it makes me bilious. If you get out a 2d edition of "I'M OFF," remember the compositor, and put it in double-leaded nonpareil. Nonpareil makes me think of roast beef; while pica means a cold sandwich.

DOUBLELEADED.

From a Western Man :

Very funny book, indeed. I shall call on the editor the very next time I go to New York. New York is a great city. I once stopped in Philadelphia a few hours, had a very pleasant, quiet time. People kind and tame; but you have to go to New York if you want a high old spree. Big hotels, all sorts of amusements, nobody knows you. Get robbed and thrown in North river. Man missing reported in daily papers. Reward offered. You don't care. Floated off to river on the other side called Jordan. Wife in mourning for three months. Marries another man. Other man goes to New York. Meets same fate. New York is a wonderful city. Takes care of surplus population of West and South. I am off for

CHICAGO.

From a Ritualist :

Thanks for "I'M OFF." It is immense. Just what I want. I am glad you make no allusion to the difference between us and the Evangelicals. To be candid, there is no difference, only we use different means for reaching the same end. My parish is in a neighborhood where the people are nearly all mechanics and laborers. A sermon would not draw them, so we have big music, chorister boys, processionalists and recessionists, but we are just as anxious to get these poor people to heaven, as our evangelical brother who lives in a neighborhood of wealth and intelligence. He does not need the machinery we require, but he is earnest and honest, and so are we. Please send me two hundred copies of "I'M OFF" for the Workingmen's Guild.

Yours for peace,

D——.

From the President of prominent Life Insurance Company:

I am sixty-eight years of age and have been a great leader all my life. Have also been a great sufferer from rheumatism. After reading a few pages of "I'M OFF," I immediately received relief. My limbs, in fact my whole body has commenced to expand. I am six inches taller, and have gained seventy-five pounds. The directors of my company, at their last meeting, proposed to reduce my salary and elect me president-emeritus. But thanks to "I'M OFF," you have forestalled them. I shall now ask for increase of salary. I can walk over half mile a day now; formerly I rode entirely. Send me twenty-five copies for my clerks. At present "I'm off" for a week.

H. S. L.

FOOT OF THE EMPEROR, KITCHEN CABINET.

I have received the advanced sheets of your "I'M OFF," but I am not in a laughing mood just now, having eat so much Herr-Lasker crow, I shall be "off" for the balance of the year. Just tell your friends, however, that it's all right with them to be howling for free hog and free beer, where they are safe from dynamite Reichstags—but it won't work, my dear boy—privately between you and I the Emperor has been keeping very late hours this past month or so and I had a talk with Unser—(That's Fritz, you know—we call him Unser around the Palace to distinguish him from the barber Unter Linten near the Wabash Ave.—who is called Other Fritz—They look very much alike)—about the matter and he says he noticed that the Emp. was getting frisky lately and he'd have a chat with him about it in a year or two. (Us Nobles move slowly you know.) Until then I'm off.

Yours for Freedom next year, BISMARCK.

Menu of OUR Restaurant.

ALL VIANDS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.



First Class Waiters.

SOUPS.

MULLY-GATAWNEY? CHICKEN? CON SOMMAY?



Oyster's whoop.



Clams (two).

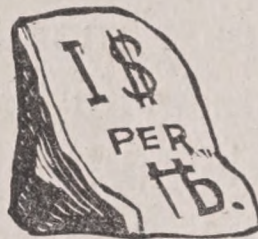


Boston Roast.

MEATS.



Roast Beef.



Venison.



Curried Mutton.



Mutton Chop.



Ste(a)kes.



Frizzied Beef.

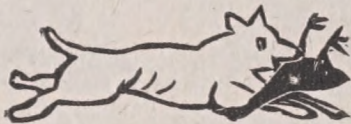
ON TRAYS.



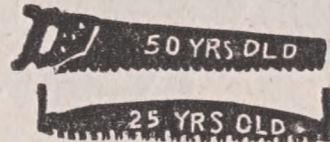
Beef Stung.



Cold Cuts.



Boned Turkey.



Saw's Ages.

VEGETABLES.



Saratoga Chips.



Egg-plant.



Red-dishes.



Water C(a)ress.

SIDE DISHES.



Fish bawls.



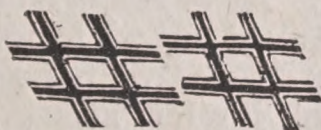
Shad-row.



Deviled Crabs.



Scrambled Eggs.



Frogs. (P. R. R.)



Hash.

TRIMMINGS.



Bread and Butter.



Sand-witches.



Smear-case.



Salt.



Pepper.



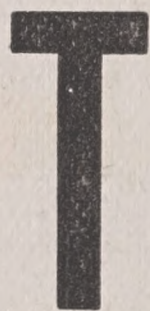
Vinegar.



Mustard.



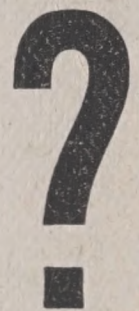
Cat-sup.



Black Tea.



Caw-fee.



Sweet toil.

DESSERT.



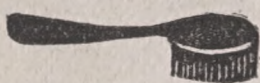
Plum(p)udding.



Soft Sauce.



Hard Sauce.



Dip.

L Al te Pehopwl eho
AreHd tils wl ie usr-b
prdlse ghwEtn he etY
ndTO wleh Ti .sH
'OFIm F.

Pi.



Taffy.

WINE LIST.



Old Whine.



Old Ail.



Scotch Ail.



Hot Scotch & Irish.



Champane.



Old Rye.



Whisk-key.



Bottled Porter.



Buck-beer and bier.



Proprietor and head cook,
chef de cuisine.

HOME RECIPES.

RHUBARB PIE.—As it is about time to be getting ready for cholera and cholera infantum, we recommend rhubarb pie as a good coaxer to bring on the first attack. Take one cup of chopped rhubarb, bake it between two layers of dough, and eat hot. You won't have long to wait for the approaching storm.



SMITH BROS. PHILA.

A GOOD POINT(ER) ON A CORNER IN WHEAT.



SMITH BROS. PHILA.

"OH! YOU PERFIDIOUS WRETCH! I SAW YOU KISS HER." "I DID, YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT I WON'T DO IT AGAIN IF YOU'LL TAKE ME BACK TO YOUR LOVE."



Belubbed, inste'd ob de reg'lar sarmon to-day, I intend to discorse on enyting dat kums into my mind, an' you'uns will hev to t'ink mi'ty fas' to keep up wid me.

De fust subjek I will bring befo' you' 'tention am Money. Money am a common 'modity, used by all classes 'cept cows, an' udder quadrupeds. You can't preach widout money, kase it takes money to buy co'n-meal, an' you can't cook it widout fire; an' it takes money to buy fire, an' de min'ster can't preach widout money. (Did I he'ah sum un in dis congregation say dey stole dar' co'n-bread reddy baked? I hope I's mistak'n.) De bank has to hab money to make mo' money, udderwise you can't git you' discounts. De broker habs to hab money fo' ma'gins, w'en you buy sum'sing you doan' want, an' nebber 'spect to git. (Who dat wisper'd he made two hund'ed dollahs on West'en Unum by goin' 'short' las' week? 'Praps he's anxyus to hab de kollecshun-box come roun' quick.) An' den you can't trabble widout money. You can't han' de konductor a sertified chec', but you mus' hab de ra'al solid kash, or else, de fus' fing you doan kno', you'll be put off de train

free miles from nowhar, or near de back do'ah ub sum po'ah white man's house. (Did I har' Jim Sliver say he allus beats his far'? If he did say so, den he will beat de kollecshun-box, an' he'll be a robbin' you' dewoted pasto' ob de co'n-meal an' fi'ah w'ich, put togedder, am money.) As I said befo', w'en de las' hym' war sung, I wa'n't g'wang to preach a reg'lar sarmon, but dat I wud wander ober eny plow'd or unplow'd groun' an' dat I wud fus' dyelat' (who was dat sed I didn't kno' de meanin' ub *dyelate*?) 'pon money. De subjek am so gran', so 'spiring, so willin'us and killin'-like, dat my weak frame fails to ensarkle de sarkum—(did eny wun say I's usin' words too big for my big mouf?)—ference ub it. Yez, belubbed, money am de god ub dis wurl', dose ub you who doan' contribit lib'rally ar' demi-gods. (I b'leeb I h'ard sum 'un say, "Shet up, let's start a hym'.") De kollecshun'll now be made, an' de hym' sung arterwa'ds, as it's my 'sperience dat dose who git mos' interested in de hym' am eder kulla-blin' or forgit dat de preacher has to hab money to buy de co'n-meal an' de fi'ah. Tall Yaller Jackson will please take a seat in de side pew, so dat I can see who b'leeb in de pow'ah ub money.

ELDER SASSASFRAS.



WE have been asked, "What are the differences between High, Low, and Broad Churchmen?"

Not having the requisite theological authorities within easy reach, we referred the matter to our artist, and, this, he says, is the best he can do in the premises.

JONES AND HIS MASTER-KEY.

Brooklyn is a big city. It contains a great many churches and saloons. It has a good soil for piety and wickedness ; but all the great villains and celebrated preachers live there. It owns part of the great bridge and some of the water which it spans. In summer, many of its population recreate, but a very large majority stay at home because they can't help it. It takes deep plowing and 100 bushels of lime to the acre to get a crop of piety in Brooklyn, while with a 32-tooth harrow you will scratch up more wickedness than can be harvested before the first frost.



We have a friend, however, who sends his family to Long Branch, and enjoys himself at home in keeping burglars away. Our friend also knows how to keep cool.

It is not known to everybody that the parlor is the coolest place on a hot day, and Sunday is always the hottest day in the week. Our friend, whose name is plain James Jones—not hard to remember—had all his doors fitted to one key, and was very fond of saying that he carried a key which fitted every door, including the wine-closet and refrigerator.

On one very hot Sunday last summer, Mr. Jones undressed himself, and putting on a long linen wrapper, started for the parlor, master-key in hand, pulling the bed-room door shut after him. Throwing the key on the parlor table, Jones opened the vestibule door, pulled the bolt of the



front door, put on the chain and tucked the rug between the folding doors, and was about to say, "Give me home in preference to being pent up in a hot room at the sea-shore," when, shut! went the vestibule door, and left Mr. Jones between two dilemmas, one of which was the impossible. He could not go out into the street, for he would have been arrested as an escaped lunatic; so he kicked and pounded on the vestibule door. After skinning his hands and bruising his feet, a happy way out of his difficulty struck him. He would climb up to the transom window and get out that way. This



was not so easily done as said, however. He had just got his chin upon the window ledge, when down he came with half of the sash in his hand, his nose cut, his knees skinned, and the nail on one of his big toes hanging loose. He screamed for help, but not even a *policeman* was in sight. He put his head out of the front door, but no one was to be seen

except a very old man who was hard of hearing. At last, however, poor Jones attracted the old man's attention, and by a pantomimic effort made him understand he was in trouble. The old man thought a murder had been committed. "Oh, yes, killed your wife, have you? and tried to kill yourself! Of course I will get an officer," and off the old man ran.

"What shall I do?" said Jones to himself; "if I don't get out the police will arrest me as a murderer or a burglar. I'll try the transom again" (we forgot to mention that Jones carried about a hundred and ninety avoirdupois). Up he climbed, and half way through the transom he stuck fast. He shouted

louder than ever, "Help me out, he-e-e-lp m-e-e-e out, I'm dying!" Suddenly the side yard window was jammed through, and two officers confronted poor Jones.

"Take me down, quick; I'm dying!" "We will take you down and *up*, too," was the response. "Robbing the house while the family are away, eh! besides disturbing us on this hot Sunday Throw him down and handcuff him," said one officer to his chum.



Poor Jones was got down more dead than alive, and after calling for his master-key, persuaded the officers to take him up stairs to get his clothes on, and then he would unlock the wine-closet with that same master-key, which would prove that he was master of the house. The master-key, or the Madeira had the desired effect on the officers; but Jones declares he will never stay home in August again, if all Brooklyn burns up, and every preacher loses his contract.

COLTS, AND HOW TO RAISE THEM.—Colts, like boys, require the same treatment. A curve bit in both cases are necessary. Most colts, like boys, do not get properly broke; hence, runaways and accidents. Properly broke colts become very useful as they grow up into horsehood. Raise plenty of good colts, they will eventually become very useful in relieving the older ones, as good children help their parents when they become old.

SERIUS EDITOR.



THIS is a likeness of a Conservative during the panic, and what he said:

“I prophesied it all. Too much over-trading.”



And this is his picture after he had made



by the panic.

“Yes, I said we would have a healthy reaction, and business would be benefited by it.”

SKETCH OF EL MAD-HI.



The above is a picture of El Mad-hi, the conqueror of Chinese Gordon.

We despatched our artist to his kingdom, at great expense, in order that we might not only get a true likeness, but also

to procure correct information as to the habits of El Mad-hi's subjects.

El Mad-hi was captured in a crocodile swamp, while yet a small lad, and brought to this country, where he was christened Thomas El Mad-hi, and placed in a broker's office in Wall street. After serving two years' apprenticeship, he graduated with high honors—broke two banks, and ditched several railways.



Having amassed an ample fortune, he returned to his own country, when he has been doing good missionary work ever since.

In height Thomas is 9 feet 8 inches, being a little above the medium stature of his countrymen. He possesses at least one quadrumanous or embryonic character, and is considered a good cricket player, rating No. 2 in a class of 18. His retreating chin is of a marked monkey type, and he shows off better in a standing rather than sitting posture. His hair is

crisp, and nose flat, without bridge. He eats four meals a day when on the march, and sleeps very little. He keeps three bank accounts, one in London, one in Paris (where his wife and daughter are learning French, see picture on opposite page,) and another in Khartoum.

Thomas El Mad-hi has reached 126 years of age ; is in the prime of life, and expects to turn 200. He neither smokes, chews tobacco, nor swears. He is the lineal descendant of Thomas El Mad-hi the Third, and the 67th False Prophet of the Dark Country.

More.—Gen. Mad-hi, the name he is familiarly known by in the army, became highly incensed at Chinese Gordon during a game of corner-ball, accusing Gordon of using a loaded ball. In revenge El M. intends to keep C. G. cornered until the rise of the Nile, when he will drown him !

THE VERY WICKED MAN.—After the usual services and a sermon, a young man from the East was invited to lecture on the wickedness of man. He commenced by saying, " We will suppose you have a very wicked man in Murphy's camp. He is married and has children. What shall be done with him? *If his dear wife would only die, or some favorite child,* in order that his heart might be softened. BUT what shall we do with the wicked man? "

An old sea-captain, who had been wakened up out of a sound sleep, and forgetting where he was, shouted out "Heave ahoy ! put a sinker around his neck, and throw the scoundrel in my seat. I'm going home, *you can't sleep here !*"



A HAPPY FAMILY—CAT AND DOG LIFE.
EXAMINE THE PICTURE CLOSELY AND YOU WILL SEE THEY ARE ALL OFF.

WALL STREET.

NEAR NEW YORK, *May 14th*, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF "I'M OFF":

I understand there has been considerable excitement in New York and other large cities, over a little hilarity of ours.



True, several banks and a number of large bankers and brokers suspended, but we have to do this, in order to keep our population from falling into your dull ways. Wall Street is a great country of granite and certified checks. We own all the Foreign opera singers and great actors and actresses.

Every Wall Street man controls a railroad and bank. Some of us sleep on Murray Hill, and a few in Ludlow street. Ludlow



street is not as toney as Murray Hill, but I think it is coming up, and will ere long be the residence of a great many who think it vulgar to walk through its massive corridors, and sleep in its

spacious and secure apartments, "where thieves do not break through and steal" and where "the wicked are at rest."

Yes, we are a peculiar chosen people. We do not bother



our heads with shipping and mercantile pursuits, but work up big panics to frighten the gullible population of your country. New York is the objective point. About 100,000 of your population enter

Wall Street every day, principally from New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with a good sprinkling from other States, but we manage to take care of them all. We rob a good number, cause more to commit suicide, and a very few



are allowed to make money. We are a very benevolent people, also. We donate more money to colleges, churches and hospitals than all the States in your country combined. We make presidents and fix the tariff of your States; in fact, we are the greatest people in

the world. If one or a dozen stop payment in WALL STREET, we have great merriment over it; some other fellows resume and pay for them. So don't get worried when you hear of a failure in WALL STREET, as it is necessary to keep up the fun. Yours, MARINEBANK.

P. S.—Look at this funny party coming up the street. They are "ALL OFF."

SILVER-LEAF CLUB.

JIM WILLIAMS and Octavo Johnson are deacons in the 87th African Church. They also belong to the Silver Leaf Club, which meets over the shoemaker shop at the village corner. After a very spirited debate one evening on the subject of "Who shall stay and who shall go?" it was decided that those who had contributed towards the expenses of the club *would* stay, and those who had not, *must* go. But the *go* party were in the majority and decided to stay, and voted the *would* party down and threw them out. Next morning Jim Williams, who was passing along the road, saw Johnson plowing, and waited for him until he came to the end of the corn row.



"Good morning, Mr. Johnson!"

"Good morning, Mr. Williams!" were the friendly salutations.

"I want to ax ye 'about de club, an' what we're gwine to do wid the r'fractory members?"

"Do wid 'em! Why, we'll start a new club, and call it de 'Silver Club Reform.'"

Then they got into a spirited argument as to who had occasioned the row, and it was finally agreed that Frosty Longfoot was the occasion of the fuss, as he drew a double-bladed razor on Deacon Longbow, who said he was no gemmen.

Presently the horn blew for dinner, and Jim Williams looking around, exclaimed, "Culled man, look! if dem ar' black



crows haven't done an' gone eat up my hors, den I was dead, fur sure!"

"Ye're not dreamin' Jim, dey did so do dat, and 'I'm Off.'"

HOW HE CONSTRUED IT.—A good country priest said to a dying drunkard: "My son, you must be reconciled with your enemies." "Then," groaned the poor wretch, "give me a glass of water and I'M OFF!"

A FRIEND of ours, who wears a patent double-action non-pensioned leg, boarded a crowded Chestnut Street car the other day. Of course, he was given a seat, but in trying to draw the inanimate limb together the double flange which held it in order snapped, and away went the limb, struck an English lady, and elevated her from the car floor.



"You audacious scoundrel! Take your feet from under my dress! And she commenced hammering the patent limb, which sounded like a drum, until she broke her parasol.

"When you get tired of pounding, madam, I will try to capture my leg."

But, rum-it-a-dum, went her broken parasol on his hollow limb, until she broke the main-spring, and up flew the tree trunk, and landed her into the lap of an old gentleman. "Conductor, stop this car, I want to get out. The Hamericans are the vulgarest people hin the world."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

BY THE WALKING PROFESSOR.

Papa, *loquitur*—

“Now, here we have a living example of what I was talking



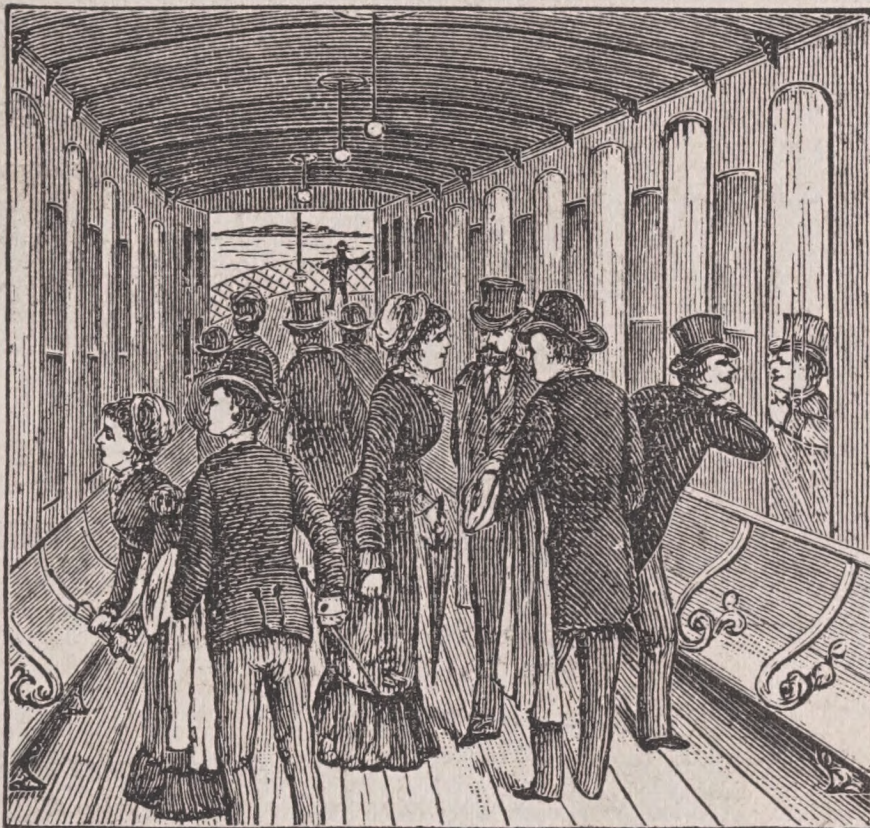
about—the mother Pig. She has lately gone into business, and is industrious in that and nothing else—how I do like to see the mother attending to business; she has no ideas but in the present. How different while she was roaming around rooting among the valuable vegetables

and plants in the garden before these little ones were published; but now she roams no more. Consider her air of perfect ease—she knows her food will be brought to her, and she



is in perfect repose. Not so the young ones; they are working like the machinery of a Corliss engine—thirty-two pounds to the square inch, and working for keeps. Nothing can disturb her, as I will show you by placing the end of my umbrella in her ear.

“Thunderbolts and potato bugs! but I was mistaken! Something does disturb her! could it have been my umbrella? I suppose so, or maybe a vigorous fly. Why this whole neighborhood is pervaded with a spirit of unrest,—I’m off.”

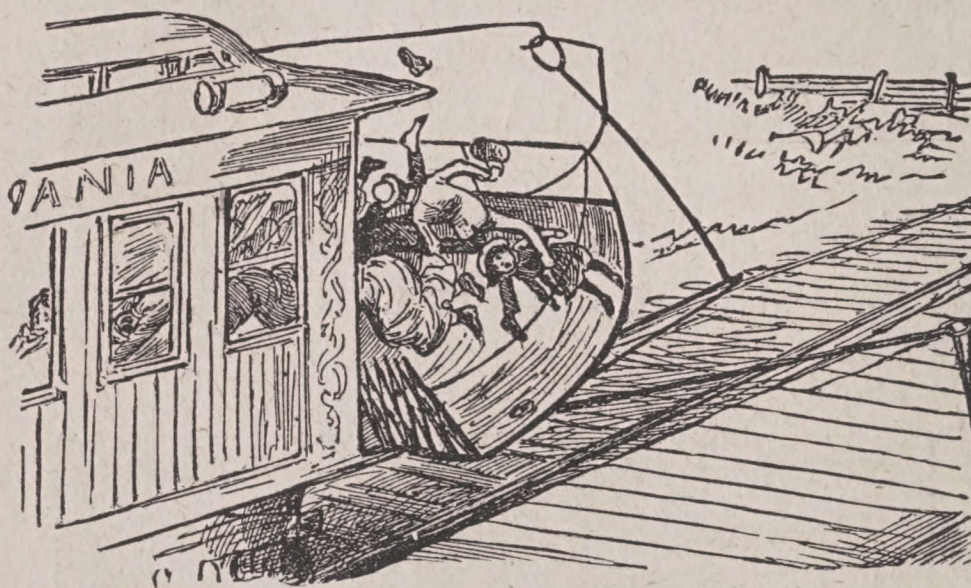
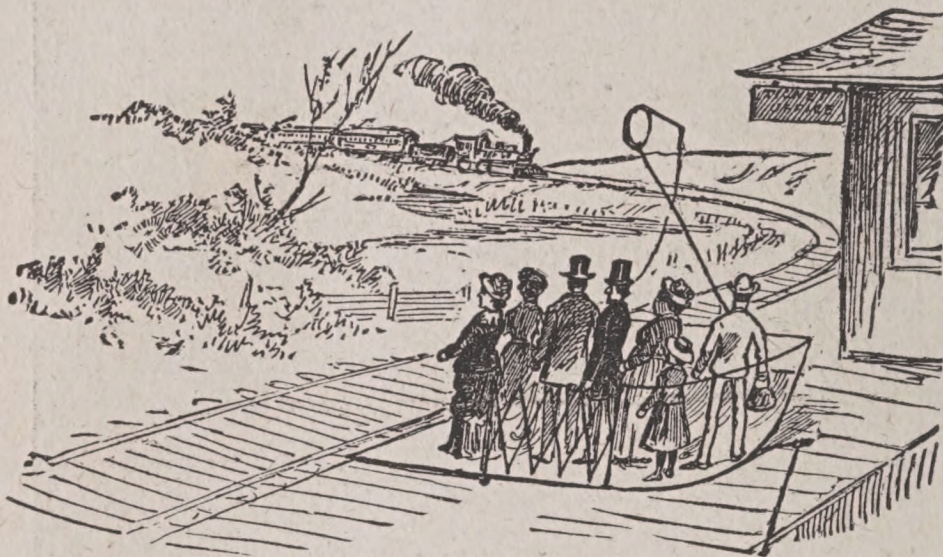


MORNING.—Crossing ferry from Jersey City to New York. Everybody fresh. All the mirrors in the boat in use.



EVENING.—All tired from various causes. Some by watered stocks and others by watered brandy. No use for mirrors.

NO STOPS MADE ON THIS ROAD.—This train



picks up
and



lands pas-
sengers
while go-
ing at full
speed.

We have not applied for a patent for the above novel plan of “picking up” and “letting down” passengers, and have thus saved the \$75 for charity.

JIM FRISBY'S VISION.

"Come down out ob dat tree, Jim Frisby. We has your coffin wid us, and white men to help bury ye."

Jim lived in Kent county, Maryland, and a lazier specimen of the black race was not to be found. He was in the habit of going into a trance whenever there was work to do. Sometimes he would go off for a week at a time in the woods, and build himself a bed of boughs and leaves.



"I say, Jim, what ye doing in dat ar tree? Come down at once, we's going to bury ye, sure."

"Hold on, I tell ye. Is'e been to heaven, an' seen de angels, an' golden candlesticks, de jasper and amuranths pavement. De diamond chandeliers sparkle wid so much 'fulgence, dat ye kin hardly see norfin."

"Did you see many people in heaven?"

"Oh, yes, there were right smart colored people sittin' in de parlors, listenin' to de band."

"Well, were there no white people there?"

"Bery few, indeed, an 'dey were in de kitchen washing de angels' clothes and cooking."

"That won't do, Jim. Get out of that tree," and a rush was made to pull him down.

"Don't do nofin to me, and I'll tell you where else I'se been."

"Go ahead, then, and hurry up," came from the crowd.

"Well, I'se been down in de lower world, and saw Satan. Well, he am de ugliest man I ever seed; and ebery time he opens his mouf he spits out lakes of solid red-hot iron furnaces. Yes, and he carries in his hand a big hickory club for knocking down dem dat spit tobacco on de floor. And—"

"Are there many people in the place?" came from one of the crowd.

"People! It's overflowin'; a good many have to sit on the window-sills; and while I was dar, he made a contract for four thousan' more rooms, I tink dat was de number, he said. Oh, yes, there am millions ob white people dere."

"No colored people?"

"Bery few, indeed."

"Well, what were the white people doing?"

"Well, a good many of dem were playin' kerds, base-ball and oder games; and I declar' to gracious, it 'peared to me the colored man had no more show dar dan on dis earth."

"What were the colored people doing, Jim?"

"*Doing?* EBERY WHITE MAN HAD TWO COLORED MEN FANNIN' HIM. It was jist de same as befor' de war!"

THE IRISHMAN'S HOG.—One day, while the miners were at work, in Schuylkill county, a hog belonging to an Irishman went into one of the cabins and eat up a bag of self-raising flour. When the miners came in to their dinner they were enraged at the sight before them; flour was scattered all over the floor, pans upset and crockery smashed, but their rage was nothing to the Irishman's who just put in an appearance. "Who kilt my fine beast?" he said. The miners guessing the trouble, asked him where the hog was. "*Be jabbers, he is standing straight up in the ditch, split from head to foot, and the foam flying out of him like a Neagara cataract.*"

SEASIDE TALK.

"Good morning, Mrs. Bloomfield. Did you rest well last night? I believe your room faces the north! How delightful! Has Mr. Bloomfield arrived yet? Of course, he was dreadfully worried last week over the financial flurry. I hope they have captured all those Bulls and Bears. It must have been very exciting to have seen the people getting out of their way. I do hope they have all been shot. I expect some of them are still hidden away in banks and vaults. They say a great many of them jumped overboard and got drowned, while a good many more were so crippled that they will have to be killed in order to put them out of their misery. Everybody was badly scared and hundreds lost their heads."

"Why, that's perfectly horrible! How in the world did they lose their heads? Did the Bears eat them off?"

"Yes, Miss Simpkins," said Mr. Bloomfield, who just put in an appearance—having arrived late the evening before—"Yes, the Bears ate up a large number, and the Bulls crippled a great many for life."

"I think the city authorities ought to be held responsible for allowing Bulls and Bears to roam at large, don't you, Miss Apricot?" spoke up a seventeen-year-old dude, who didn't know a bull from a bear, nor a steer from a cow.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Softskin, and how fortunate it was for us that we left the horrid city in time to escape their ravages?"

This pleasant conversation was rudely broken up by an old gentleman exclaiming, in a very gruff voice, "I wish a whole drove of them would pounce down here and clean up this mischief-breeding, husband-making, getting-ready-for-fall-swindling, miscalled, 'Rest-and-Ease-Resort.'"



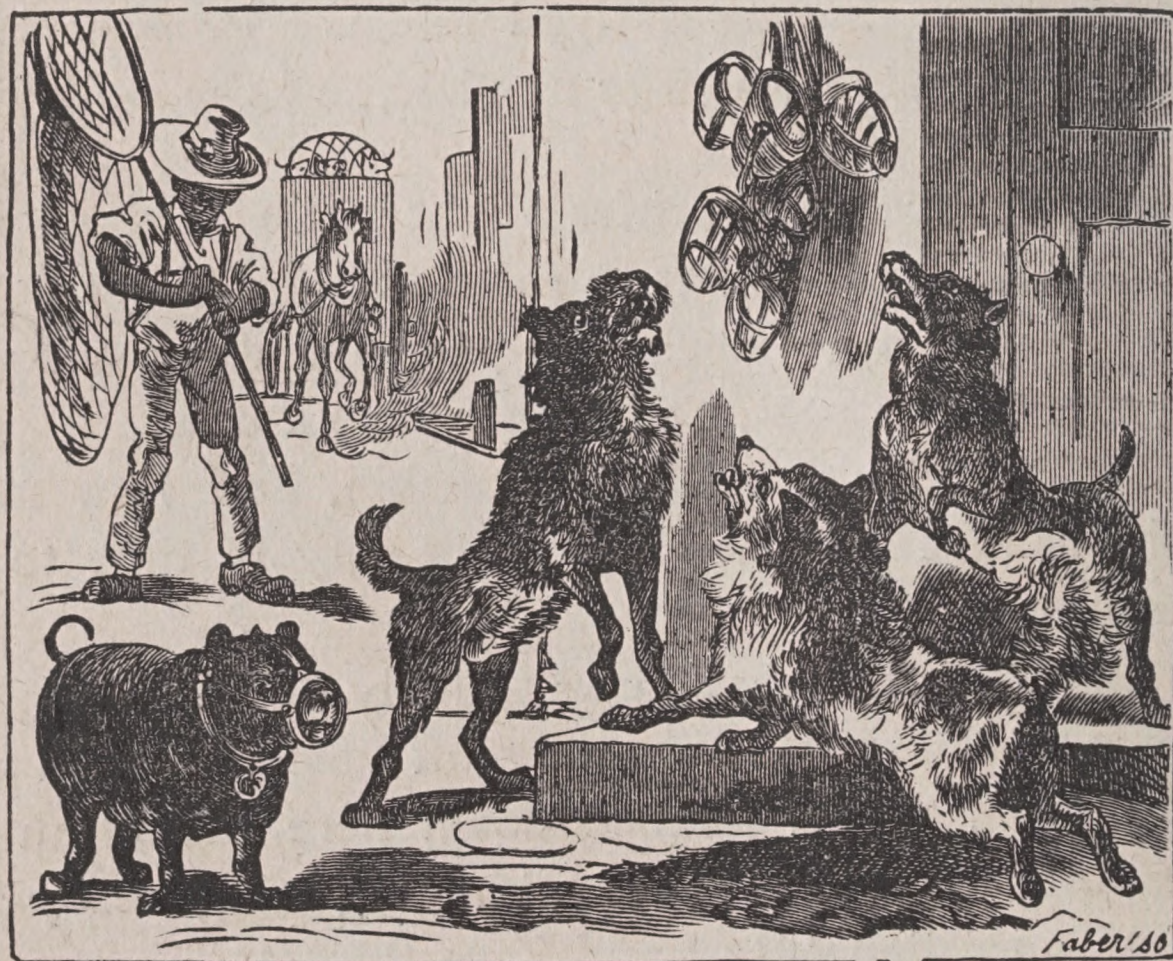
"WAITERS' MEET."



"S'CAT MEET."



"A BAD MEET."



"DOG MEET."

Faber '80

From the Prince of Wales :

Please accept my thanks for "I'm Off." I presume the title of your book is a personal compliment to myself. If such a book had been published at the time I was visiting your country, I would have been "off" a good many times when I was "asked."

WALES.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, May, 1884.

From the Czar of all the Russias :

DYNAMITE BOMB-PROOF HALL, May 30, 1884.

Yes, I have received the advanced sheets of "I'm Off." I shall need a copy for every voter. The best thing in the way of a Campaign tract I have ever read. I presume you have heard that I have abdicated the throne, in order that I may be vindicated at the polls. I am distributing all the money I receive from the Siberian mines, among the populace, as a corruption fund. I find that those who were chiefly instrumental in having me blown to pieces by Dynamite, are now my warmest friends. I have caught on to the American plan—put all your enemies in office, make them bosses, and you are safe. Please strike me off one million in *American* language. You can get more fun in that dialect than any other. I have sent word to your American Consul to procure me 100,000 Americans to teach my people your language and politics. I am going to reorganize my government, and shape it after your fashion. Mark my word for it, in fifty years from now, there will not be a Russian in Russia, all having become Americans. Please mail Skyobel-off and Jam-a-to-off one copy each of "I'm Off."

Yours for freedom,

ALEXANDER 2 and 3.

TESTIMONIALS—CONTINUED.

From a Pullman Conductor ;

Please accept my thanks for your new Summer Book "I'm Off." I have very little to do now. Passengers ask no more questions. The General Superintendent, Goodman, is so well pleased with your book and the facilities you furnish for mailing, that he has written to the Government requesting Postmasters and Postal Boxes to be put on all trains for the convenience of the public.

REGULAR.

From the Mayor of Philadelphia :

"I do not remember the exact words of the conversation I had with you about 'I'm Off,' but I do know the majority I had tallied exactly with your figures. I consider 'Im Off' entirely responsible for my election, however, and you can have any office at my disposal you desire. 'I'm Off' for two weeks to fix up the Presidential Campaign. In the meantime, please send 2000 copies to my office, for distribution among the police force. Do not 'sell out' your right to any one of the Candidates for the Presidency until I have an interview with you.

MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA.

Old Point Comfort and Washington, March 1, 1884.



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